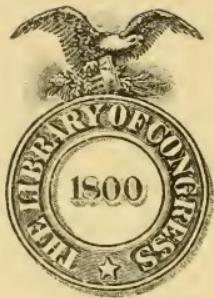


RHYMES OF DAVID

BY

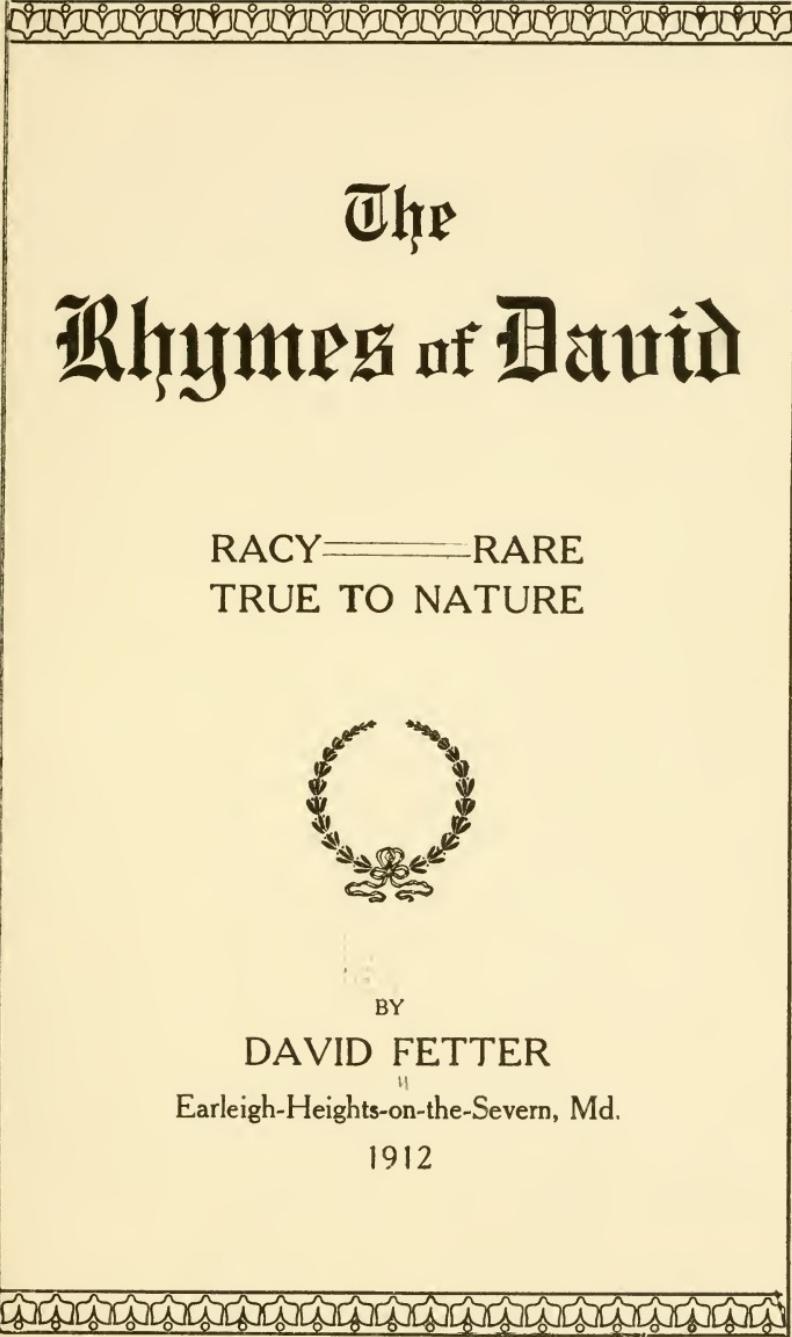
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The Rhymes of David

RACY —— RARE
TRUE TO NATURE



BY
DAVID FETTER
Earleigh-Heights-on-the-Severn, Md.
1912

FOREWORD



HE AUTHOR, DAVID FETTER, was born in a small village in New Jersey, U. S. A., where the Jackson Glass Works were located, near Atco, Camden County, on January 29, 1851. Later the family moved to Philadelphia, where the father died, December 31, 1851, leaving the widowed mother and four small children. David went to the Philadelphia public schools from his eighth year until the eleventh year, when he began work in a glass bottle works, continuing in this line of work until his sixteenth year, when he entered the window glass works.

In 1880 he superintended the building of the Riverside Window Glass Works, of Baltimore, Md., and continued as manager of the same until the proprietor died, in 1904, and the firm went out of business.

Having bought a farm in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, he tried farming two years. In the fall of 1906 he accepted the position as superintendent of a glass sand washing plant on the Severn River, Maryland, and at present writing is holding that position.

The first rhyme, "The New Version," was written in February, 1905, when 54 years old; the second, "Man," was written August 31, 1909, and in the twenty-seven months following wrote five hundred rhymes, ranging from three to thirty-two verses, of which this volume contains one hundred and ninety-three rhymes, making about nine hundred and sixty verses.

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T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

THE NEW VERSION of **HE THAT FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY.**

He that fights and runs away
Lacks the courage for the fray,
He who strikes and then does run,
His battle's lost ere 'tis begun.

He'd better stay and fight his best,
And take his chances with the rest,
And stand his ground, and never run,
And give no quarter and ask for none.

So if your battle's for the right,
Oppose the foe with all your might,
Better to fight until you die,
Than forsake your friends and cowardly fly.

So do not run, 'tis better far,
That you should try to end the war,
Then face the foe, for fight you must,
And don't forget in God to trust.

THEY SAY.

As over life's pathway, we journey along,
We leave words of sorrow, instead of a song,
Simply because, as we stop on our way,
We repeat the mean stories, that we hear from "they say."

A great busy body must be this "they say,"
For the number of characters smirched every day,
It makes no difference, how good or how bad,
"They say" gets the story, if it's to be had.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

And then we go whispering the something we heard,
Spreading the stench like a foul carrion bird,
And if any take exceptions to what we do tell,
We put the blame on "they say" and it answers very well.

What a mean lot of people this world does contain,
For they retail every story, knowing well it causes pain.
Why can't we all be merciful, as we journey life's pathway,
And stop repeating stories we hear from "they say."



THE WORKER'S DUE.

To the one that succeeds beyonds his needs,
The praise of the world is given,
But the one that fail'd is by the world assail'd,
No matter how hard he has striven.

The successful one may not have much done,
To deserve the world's great praise,
Whilst the losing mate work'd early and late,
To succeed he was striving always.

The world is quick to spread praise thick,
On the one that reach'd the goal,
With nothing but censure, if you fail in the venture,
Driving the iron right into your soul.

So let praise be given to the one that has striven,
Even tho' he may never succeed,
That he does not retreat after a bitter defeat,
To praise he is deserving indeed.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

THE RHYMER.

If for food and raiment one offer'd in payment,
A rhyme, be it ever so fine,
They'd live on air, with no clothing to tear,
For the fashions they never need pine.

For the commonest trash, very oft a rehash
Of a tale that is old and worn,
And a plot poorly laid, the writers well paid,
In the "rhymer," this pricks like a thorn.

Whilst the pay of the "rhymer," if not an old timer,
Is virtually no pay at all,
More apt to offend, if a rhyme they do send,
The publishers think they're all gall.

Tho' the work of their brain be as refreshing as rain,
To the thirst of a longing soul,
'Tis rarely accepted, more often rejected,
They strive in vain for the goal.

THE PAST.

The past is dead, so let it rest,
But a thought is its pleasure and pain,
By it being so, we are really blest,
Who would have it return again.

The past is dead, so dead let it be,
With its trouble, trials and strife;
In the reflections of memory, try not to see,
The many bitter moment of life.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

The past is dead, so bury it well,
With its measure of sorrow and woe,
Your fullness of measure to others don't tell,
As over life's pathway you go.

The past is dead, but the memory treasure
Of the many happy days of yore,
Of the joys of youth and the seasons of pleasure,
Oh, those times are gone forevermore.



TOMORROW.

Tho' the past is dead, tomorrow is not,
For tomorrow has never yet been;
How can we bury and leave it to rot,
That which today has not seen?

Your mind is filled with the deeds you'll do
Tomorrow, when it does arrive;
The days come and go, but it never strikes you
That today is the time for to strive.

The promise of today, tomorrow you will keep,
But many are the days that go by
Before you remember, your mind seems asleep,
For you cannot pay tomorrow if you try.

If its gloomy today, "tomorrow" will be bright;
If its sunshine, "tomorrow" it will rain;
And so it continues from morning till night,
But the morning is just "today" again.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

HOPE.

This day was not a pleasant one,
With its mist and threat of rain,
With most of its tasks not half done,
Gone, never to return again.

The promise of its early morn
Was badly broken at noon;
Its failure makes us so forlorn,
We're glad the night came soon.

'Tis thus the many start in life,
With the future so clear and bright;
Too soon, alas! they meet with strife
And are crushed by the power of might.

But don't despair, there yet is hope
That the morrow may brighter be;
Take courage, through the darkness grope—
You belong to eternity.



THE DRONES.

Let the sluggard sleep, he's only a drone
In the industrial hive of today;
The efforts of others to hinder he's prone,
While he's asleep he's out of the way.

Let the laggard rest, 'tis far better so,
For he only keeps others behind;
No matter how urgent, nor where he must go,
To hurry he's never inclined.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

This life is so short, the sluggard complains,
Tho' he can't in the least understand
That by keeping awake he longer life gains,
To have and enjoy this land.

This world is so hard, is the laggard's lament,
Being always so much to be done;
If he'd only assist, instead of prevent,
Much easier it would be for each one.



LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

Let your light shine as far as it will,
Hide it not, no matter how small;
It may do some good, it cannot do ill,
It may answer some wayfarer's call.

Let your light shine; be it ever so bright
It cannot outshine the Sun.
For deeds that require the darkness of night,
It were better they never had begun.

Let your light shine, keep it bright and clear,
That all who desire may see;
'Tis a welcome message to those that are dear,
If within its radiance they be

Let your light shine, don't let it get dim,
Keep it burning both early and late;
The vessel that supplies it, keep filled to the brim,
In the end your reward will be great.

GIVE PRAISE.

Let praise be given to the striving one
That never yet reached the goal,
That faithfully plods from sun to sun,
With a weary, sickening soul.

Faithfully striving, knowing only defeat,
To succeed has striven in vain,
Tho' weak and discouraged, he will not retreat,
Still hoping a victory to gain.

His battle of life is bitter indeed,
His opponent often his brother,
Who battles more fierce because of his greed
For that which belongs to another.

Stint not your praise, give a kind word,
It may lighten his heavy load;
If you have succeeded, you can afford
To assist him on his road.



THE PRICE OF THE REWARD.

Be not afraid, go bravely forth,
Do the best that you know how;
Whether east or west, south or north,
To succeed make every vow.

When you meet obstructions in your way,
That you fear you cannot surmount,
Keep bravely on, from the line don't stray,
Your constant endeavor will count.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

By and by, you will find, if you persevere,
That your headway, tho' slow, is sure;
Keep constantly at it, let naught interfere,
Regardless how bright is the lure.

Think not of self, tho' your feelings be gored,
Let naught your constancy sever,
'Tis well to remember the desired reward
Is won by constant endeavor.



OUR DUTY.

For what are we striving day after day,
As to others we give not a thought?
With never a moment for pleasure or play,
Nor doing the things that we ought.

Are we smoothing the pathway for young and old,
Who scarce have strength to proceed?
Are we doing our duty as we've oft been told,
To the poor, in time of need?

Are we helping those who have sorrow and woe,
Whose pleasures in life are few?
Do we try to leave happiness wherever we go,
To our friends are we always true?

Be a ray of sunshine wherever you go,
Fail not to be pleasant and kind;
To the weak and erring true mercy show,
You will thus true happiness find.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

LAW OF MAN.

Man steps aside from virtue's path
Again, and yet again,
For the good and pure no mercy hath,
He leaves a trail of pain.

As the years pass by his passions cooled,
His ways he would reform;
He's received and forgiven by those he fooled,
As the Sunshine follows the storm.

But the maid who stepped but once aside
Into temptation's broad pathway,
If shunned by all, with cruel pride,
Her penance must last always.

But why this difference between man and maid?
He is on earth forgiven,
Tho' the maid for forgiveness a lifetime prayed,
Alas! she must look to heaven.

THOUGHTS EXPRESS'D.

Thoughts of those, both good and pure,
That through the world are spread,
Throughout the ages will endure,
Tho' they have long been dead.

Tho' those that gave expression to
Thoughts that are grand and holy
Were to mankind very good and true,
For their thoughts are remembered solely.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

For thoughts expressed are remembered long
After deeds are forgotten quite,
As a beautiful thought in an old-time song,
We forget who that thought did write.

So if you have a brilliant thought,
That before the world should shine,
Freely express it, as you surely ought,
'Tis your kinship to the Divine.



AN HONEST MAN.

With native pride that never sleeps,
With nature stern, that never weeps,
By many called generous to a fault,
Yet knows the time to call a halt.

He enters the field in commercial life,
He quickly learns its debasing strife,
He meets all schemes with honor rare,
Dark deeds he will not do or dare.

A square deal for all outlines his course,
He will not do what will cause remorse,
But straight as a string his course he'll wend,
Turning neither way, even tho' he offend.

All honor to those who can thus be bold,
Whose honor can't be bought or sold,
Whose high hope of fame is no greater than
To be truly called an honest man.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

BEGIN AGAIN.

Begin again your battle of life,
Be not cast down by defeat,
True success must come through strife,
Victory oft is gained by retreat.

Begin again, your courage renew,
Take heed of the smallest detail;
What you undertake, the very best do,
Think not for a moment you'll fail.

Begin again, go bravely forth,
Let the struggle be ever so bitter,
Through heat of South, or cold of North,
Never justly be called a quitter.

Begin again, be true to self,
Tho' you be but the son of the sod,
Tho' success is often measured by self,
Let your's be measured by God.

SMILES.

Always smile, as your friends you beguile,
Leave a pleasant remembrance behind;
Be cheerful and gay, as you wend your way,
A glad welcome in the future you'll find.

When greeting a child, use accents mild,
And their confidence you'll easily win;
Make their hearts glad, but tell nothing sad,
Giving trouble to a child is a sin.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Try to fill life's mile with sunshine and smile,
 You'll be treasured in every friend's heart;
And kind words you'll get, filled with regret
 That you were compelled to depart.

To the world do your part, with a kind loving heart,
 Let no friend for affection ever pine,
Tho' your time be brief, leave no trail of grief
 From this life to the Divine.



FAILURE.

Our minds are as frail as the shifting sands,
 As swiftly they're blown to and fro,
And we seem so helpless, with so much on our hands,
 Oh, must it ever be so?

Oft we resolve that our course we will wend
 Straight as an arrow to the goal,
That we failed so to do, we weakly defend,
 Oh the grief of a faltering soul.

Again and again we resolve to be firm,
 And strictly hew to the line;
Again 'tis a failure, how meanly we squirm,
 That its course we could not define.

And so we continue to struggle and fail,
 Filled with envy for those that succeed.
Those that won in the struggle we meanly assail—
 Well deserved is our failure indeed.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

NOW IS THE TIME.

Now is the time to do the deed
That you promised to do on the morrow,
The delay of a day may make the heart bleed,
Or fill to the brim with sorrow.

As yesterday has gone to the limitless past,
And tomorrow is yet unknown,
To have the good of the promised deed last,
Its seed should at once be sown.

Fail not to do the good deed now,
While yet we have this day,
Tomorrow's troubles may prevent somehow,
Thus causing a longer delay.

Now is the time that we really know,
We so quickly forget the past,
From present to future we blindly go,
For the present but a moment does last.

REPEAT IT NOT.

Repeat it not, even tho' it is true,
It may do much harm, tho' not to you,
Failure to repeat may help some soul,
To try again to reach the goal.

Repeat it not, tho' you know it is true,
That another has failed will not help you.
Rather let suppressing it be your part,
Thus assisting a sinsick heart.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Repeat it not, to others don't tell,
Tho' to few 'tis known, yet his heart does swell,
With fear that the tale some one will spread,
The very thought makes him wish he was dead.

Repeat it not, show the world that you
Are still his friend, even tho' it is true,
And when at last the victory he's won,
How good to know your part well done.



FOR THE LIVING.

If you have kind thoughts for others,
Let it be for those that live;
Tho' the dead were sisters or brothers,
You waste on the dead what you give.

For they are past the sorrow and pain,
That the living are doomed to endure;
The portion they had will never have again,
Tho' their lives were base or pure.

For the dead are past all human thought,
No matter how good or how ill,
The mysteries of the future are now being taught,
As their part in eternity they fill.

So if your heart with kindness is filled,
Let it be for the living right now,
'Tis like planting seed in soil well tilled,
For its fruit will the world endow.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

WHEN TOMORROW ITS TROUBLE DOES BRING.

Tomorrow, tomorrow, with its joy and sorrow,
To it we give all of our thought,
But today, today, that is slipping away,
We do not half do what we ought.

Oft we promise to do what's important to you,
On the morrow, when it does arrive,
Then straightway forget, oh the useless regret,
For today is the time to strive.

As we look in despair at the rain in the air,
In the darkness and gloom do we grope,
Then our thoughts madly run, on the morrow's bright sun,
In an instant are we filled with hope.

'Tis thus that we go, twist sorrow and woe,
Present pleasures have always a sting,
As we grasp for the sweet, oft the bitter we greet,
When tomorrow its trouble does bring.

TRUE FRIENDS.

True friends are rare, so have a care,
What you have try to retain,
So treat them fair, but oh, beware
Of the false friends you may gain.

So full of grace when to your face,
With smiles they will you greet,
But oh, the pace from you they race,
When you're threatened by defeat.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

But the friend that's true, that stands by you,
When trouble comes your way,
Whether old or new, you will not rue
Having friends that by you stay.

When a friend you get, no matter where met,
That sticks through thick and thin,
You can safely bet, and never regret,
That he has a heart within.

THE SAILOR.

I love to sail when the wind does wail,
As we swiftly go through the spray,
And we lean to the side, as we swiftly glide,
And the land is far away.

With joy I hail the nearing gale,
And watch the waves high roll,
And the dashing spray, Oh, I feel so gay,
How pleasing to a seaman's soul.

Now the lightning's flash, and the water's dash,
As the distant thunders roar,
And the waters mad make my soul so glad,
Even tho' my sails they tore.

I enjoy the life in the element's strife,
Of their dangers I have no fear,
At last may I sleep in the waters deep,
The water to me so dear.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Oh, the water for me, river, bay or sea,
O'er its surface I love to sail,
And the whistling wind just suits my mind,
For I love to be out in a gale.

And the roaring crash, as the breakers dash
Against the prow of my craft,
My heart feels gay as the dashing spray,
Goes raking fore and aft.

Yes, the water for me, where I can be free
To watch the swirling tide,
So free from care in the salt sea air,
How glorious the foam to ride.

I love to go in the morning's glow,
Whether the waters be rough or smooth,
Away from the din, to take a spin,
And a troubled mind to soothe.



THE FISHERMAN.

I love to dream of the forest and stream,
And the joyous times of the past,
When I watched the swish of the gamy fish,
As the line in the stream I cast.

How oft to the brook, rod and line I took,
And sat by a shady pool,
And baited my hook, just a pin with a crook,
Completely forgetting the school.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

As I older grew, oft the picture I drew
In my mind of the old fishing pool,
And now I am wishing once more to be fishing
In that spot so shady and cool.

In my mind do I troll up stream as I stroll,
In my hand firmly grasping my rod,
As the waters swirled, content with the world,
At peace with man and God.



PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

In the cool dark shade of a forest glade,
Companion to a congenial mind,
Of love to talk as we slowly walk,
What happiness thus we find.

I would not miss such earthly bliss,
Of heart-to-heart communing,
There is not a flaw in nature's law,
Of one soul to another attuning.

So be happy and gay whenever you may,
Dismiss the tendency to grieve,
In the life of today 'tis needless to pray,
Be happy till the day you must leave.

Pursuit of happiness is the object of life,
Why needlessly worry of sorrow and strife?
Nature seems to design that happiness to gain,
We must journey the pathway of sorrow and pain.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

ANGER.

Oh, is it not sad that many get mad
At a word that is said in fun?
And then they do what they're sorry for, too,
When their anger its course has run.

Oft a message sent with no evil intent,
Provokes a furious wrath,
And they fume and fret, after a time regret,
That they hastened to anger's path.

Thinking they'll do a kind deed for you,
And your troubles they'll somewhat abate,
They stir your ire to burning fire,
Receiving for thanks your hate.

Thus we go through life sowing seeds of strife,
Instead of the good we intend;
Anger seems but a school, making many a fool,
As the pathway of life they wend.



IS IT FATE?

Is it fate when we do our best and fail,
And struggling hard will not avail?
What ever we do, we always greet
At the battle's end a bitter defeat.

Is it fate when another goes smoothly by,
And grasps success and not half try?
And the world applauds his being so bright.
Everything he does turns out just right.

It is fate when we try and try in vain,
Just a place in the ranks to gain?
Our mind overcast by gloom and fear,
At the journey's end we're found at the rear.

Is it fate when we strive to be honest and just,
Meeting naught but doubt and lack of trust?
Whoever it or was, or in the future will be,
Will they fail or succeed by nature's decree?

THE POOR ARE WITH US ALWAYS.

The poor we have with us always, and we always will,
No matter if some have good health, there's always some
quite ill,

No matter what prosperity the tide of time will bring,
Their measure's full of misery, 'tis indeed a grievous
thing.

The poor are with us always, and with us they will stay,
The poor will be just as poor unto their dying day,
No matter if the world's wealth does enormously increase,
The little that some poor one has will certainly decrease.

The poor are with us always, it seems to be our fate
To have a lot of hangers-on that we assist too late,
For when we do assist them, they somehow must be fed,
We find some of the poorest are lying cold and dead.

The poor are with us always, no matter when or where,
Tho' some bewail their poverty, others seem quite free
from care;

No matter what you do for them, quite poor they will
remain,

Until they leave this good old Earth, with its troubles
and its pain.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

LONGINGS, OR REINCARNATION.

There is a shadow of a previous life,
That over me does creep,
As I look upon this landscape,
Of hills and valleys deep.

There's the faintest recollection,
That it long ago I've seen,
Yet I know that never before this day,
Have I in this valley been.

Everything seems familiar to me,
And, as I walk around,
The rocks and shells I seem to know,
That lie upon the ground.

A little brook comes rushing down,
From the hills in the distance seen,
The feeling stronger grows that here,
Long ago, I must have been.

A little cave in the rocky hill,
That overhangs the shore,
Oh, what strange sensations—really I
Must have been here before.

Oh, the hidden past so misty seems,
It's mystery I'd love to explore,
And satisfy my craving to know,
If I have been here before.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

And then would I know if 'twas really so,
That, as primal child I grew,
In this same spot, where I cast my lot,
These surroundings I really knew.

The tree-clad hills, the rocky shore,
Where man has rarely trod,
In this spot so wild, as a primal child,
I feared the unknown God.

FAILURE.

Oh, pity the many that have tried in vain,
A mere foothold on success to gain,
In every field of science and art,
Have miserably failed to perform their part.

In the morning of life, when all looks bright,
The embrace of success is in their sight,
In their haste to grasp they stumble and fall,
Lo, the sweets of success have turned to gall.

As the years pass by they continue the fight,
Feeling sure success will be theirs by right,
And they can't understand the why or how,
That 'tis failure that makes its hateful bow.

So they continue trying in vain to guess,
How close they sailed to the shore of success,
That they never could land, now they feebly wail,
Their life is ending, once more they fail.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

LAW IS UNIVERSAL.

I stood upon a hilltop
And watched the Sun go down,
The view was really splendid,
It seemed as tho' a crown
Was floating in the heavens,
Sending golden rays so bright,
Yet it was not long before it all
Was clothed in darksome night.

Yet I stood upon the hilltop,
Watching each appearing star,
So bright and twinkling that it seemed
So near, yet 'twas quite far.
At first I began to count them,
As they came out, one by one,
But they were so very numerous
That my counting soon was done,

As I turned to leave the hilltop,
The moon came out so bright
That it made a mass of shadows
Where before was darkest night.
The scene was grandly stretching
Beyond the vale so deep,
The shadows all seemed moving,
And my flesh began to creep.

I felt a strange sensation,
A mixture of fear and awe,
As nature's transformations,
In obeying its eternal law,

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Seemed as tho' it were trying
To impress me as I stood,
That the law is universal,
With Love as the Fatherhood.

THE ALIEN'S RIGHT.

Many songs are written about our native land,
How our fathers fought so brave, when in battle they
did stand,
And of the various victories they so dearly won,
Oft leaving on the battlefield a much-loved only son.

How, when the war was over, having peace again,
Here was so much rejoicing, also grief and pain,
For many a poor old mother missed an only son,
Left upon a battlefield, how dear was victory won.

But what about the alien, also in the ranks,
Fighting for this country with never a word of thanks?
No matter if his efforts in victory did result,
After the war is over he meets with rude insults.

The country of his adoption, for which he bravely fought,
Denies him common justice—how dear his home was
bought,
So when you write of victories won, with freedom's bat-
tle cry,
Speak of the alien "country's sons"—they, too, did fight
and die.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

If trouble came, foreshadowing shame,
And friends would forsake you,
And loved ones leave, and not even grieve,
What would you do—what would you do?

And no one extend the hand of a friend,
The most trusted prove untrue,
Your most loved lass coldly by you pass,
What would you do—what would you do?

If for a favor you'd pray, they'd send you away,
Making the world to you look blue,
The sins of not a few to be born by you,
What would you do—what would you do?

And your life you must live, not one to forgive,
The deeds they blame on you
To the end of your life, forsaken by your wife,
What would you do—what would you do?

Forsaken by all, none heeding your call,
That justice be done unto you,
With the end drawing near, none shedding a tear,
What would you do—what would you do?

What would you do if all this were true,
And the world had turned against you?
Just do what is right with all your might,
That's what to do—that's what to do.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

A W A K E .

Awake, awake, thou sleeping pride,
Once again thy banner unfurl;
Let it be shown both far and wide,
Before the world let it twirl.

No more from the foe thy banner hide,
Go forth in all thy strength;
Keep face to foe, stand not aside,
Be firm in width and length.

Keep pressing on, the victory to win
Calls for your constant endeavor;
Giving way to weakness is a grievous sin,
That will bring regrets forever.

Your courage renew, sound your battle cry,
Go bravely into the fray,
To do your best fail not to try,
Eventually you will win the day.

Awake, awake, thou sleeping soul,
The battle of life commence,
Tho' its lightning flash, and thunder roll,
And its darkness gets more dense.

There's nothing gained unless you fight,
With never a thought of retreat,
So do your best with all your might,
And you will not know defeat.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

LAUGHTER.

The laughter of this busy world
Is a pleasure just to hear,
As it is at one another hurled,
Gives neither pain or fear.

Tho' the laugh of a lad oft makes me sad,
For my boyhood days are past,
Yet the laughing boy seems filled with joy—
May his pleasures forever last.

And the laughing lass I fain would pass,
When her laugh conceals a tear,
Yet her sweet young voice makes my heart rejoice,
For the girl that laughs is dear.

I never chaff at the manly laugh,
For fear of giving pain,
Having burdens to bear, their laughter is rare,
May their joys return again.

But oh, how sweet a woman's laugh to greet,
Such a laugh we rarely find,
So filled with sorrow of today and tomorrow,
They are not of the laughing kind.

Over the laugh of a child the world goes wild,
As they watch its laughing nod,
And they think and feel it is a real
Message from the Eternal God.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

PROBLEMS OF LIFE.

The problems of life are many,
And are solved in various ways,
Tho' I'm wishing there was'nt any,
To pester the peace of my days.

In childhood the problem was knowledge,
How to force on my awakening brain,
Tho' every boy or girl in the village,
Seemed more knowledge than I to gain.

In youth the problem was work,
How to get me my share to do;
It seemed I always would shirk
My part till I older grew.

In manhood the problem was love,
A most serious problem of life;
The solution must come from above,
That assigns either husband or wife.

Soon the problem to solve is the family,
For children grow rude and wild,
To succeed we must surely go calmly,
In training the mind of a child.

The last problem in life is dying,
That each and all must meet,
And it does no good to be crying,
For 'tis here all meet with defeat.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

WOMAN.

Tho' Nature excelled in producing a man,
Yet woman is the great masterpiece,
Nature will not improve, tho' greatly it plan,
Woman's qualities it cannot increase.

As a "Sister" to all so thoughtful and kind,
And assisting in their childish play,
Never losing her patience when they do not mind,
So watchful and tender always.

As a "Sweetheart" cling around and into your heart,
That she seems quite a part of your life,
You long to possess her till death do you part,
Oh, the happiness of calling her wife.

As a "Wife," gladly sharing your sorrow and woe,
Always helping your burden to bear,
Making life happy, as together you go,
Of life's troubles taking more than her share.

As a "Mother," so thoughtful, so tender, so kind,
So loving, so gentle, so true,
So filled with sorrow whenever you don't mind,
Whose love will cling always to you.

Tho' "Man" is God's most noble work,
Our wonder at which will never cease,
In the creation of woman he did not shirk,
For Woman truly is "God's Masterpiece."

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

THE CLIMB.

What a wearisome struggle to upward climb,
Hastening after we know not what,
That our journey soon end, how we long for the time,
For bitter indeed is our lot.

Many there are, by the wayside fall,
As the pace becomes too swift,
Far better for some had they not started at all,
As from the course they gradually drift.

And others continue to wearily drag,
Tho' to succeed they've lost all hope,
And their courage at least does woefully sag,
As in bitterness of failure they grope.

While some on this journey go jauntily by,
Full of confidence, courage and strength,
They do not go far when they woefully sigh,
Could they but shorten this roadway's length.

And others, again, do faithfully plod
This path leading upward so steep,
Not stopping to slumber, no, not even nod,
Till at length to the goal do they creep.

But oh, the number that bitterly assail
The few that victory had won;
What is said or done will not avail,
For by constant endeavor was it done.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

A PACK OF LIES.

I am curious to know if any one can tell,
When our alphabets were formed who first learned to spell,
In arranging the letters, in the forming of a word,
Who was the beginner? for I have never heard.

Who invented our letters—does any one know;
Were they all made at once, or did they gradually grow;
In what far country was born the bright mind,
That the shape and meanings of our alphabets did find?

And the various languages, of which there are so many,
Why wasn't one enough, when before there wasn't any?
'Twould have been much nicer had there been only one,
Speaking to each other everywhere under the sun.

Is there any record when man began to write,
Or in the darkest mystery is it locked good and tight?
Yet the letters of the alphabets that are used today,
In the oldest books we know are shaped the same way.

Before they got a language, I wonder how they thought,
How could they tell just what to give if anything they
bought;
And if they wanted something that another had to bring,
How could they tell them what it was; how describe the
thing?

About the past there seems to be a lot that no one knows,
Nothing of its history, or how far back it goes.
As to the world some loudly prate, and make believe
they're wise,
The stuff that they tell and write is just a pack of lies.

USELESS STRUGGLE.

My soul is racked with bitterness
As I looked back over my life
And scan the wasted energies,
Absorbed in useless strife.

From the moment of my advent
On this scene of want and woe,
Life has been a bitter struggle,
Few the pleasure that I know.

From my early recollections
Of boyhood's tempestuous times,
With its dangerous situations
And the many difficult climbs.

Also, its bitter conflicts,
Merely food to earn,
Glad am I they're dead and gone,
No more will they return.

All through the trials of the past,
Even to the present drear,
Obstructions in my pathway cast,
I try in vain to clear.

It seems such a useless struggle,
With its bitterness of retreat,
As with good and evil to juggle,
When the end is eternal defeat.

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

DELUSIVE HOPES.

Many friends and companions
Of my youth of long ago,
Have ended their life's journey,
With its bitterness and woe.

All their hopes and aspirations
That by their brains were urged,
Have ended in disappointment,
As deathward they have surged.

Their loves and their few pleasures,
That mingled with their sorrows,
Are blissfully forgotten in
Life's mysterious tomorrows.

All the teachings of their childhood,
Filling their minds with unknown fear,
Have lost their cruel terror
Since they left this world so drear.

All their friends and their relations,
Now their many virtues find,
Telling of their loving kindness,
To which, when living, they were blind.

As they left here for their future,
Hoping somewhere they will dwell,
Knowing little of a heavenly home,
And less of an eternal hell.

DREAMERS.

Tho' man is oft a harmless dreamer,
Of what seems impossible things,
Never having been made, his friends are afraid
That his mind will surely take wings.

Yet the dreamer his part in life performs,
In perfecting kind Nature's work ;
He the world does show how new things should go,
Doing his part, which he cannot shirk.

Some of the grandest works of the day
Are the result of dreams quite hazy ;
When their dreams they'd unfold, by many were told,
That they surely must be crazy.

Some of the things we now enjoy
Were dreamed of years ago,
The dreamers were censured whenever they ventured
Their great possibilities to show.

When a dreamer something new foretold,
That some bright mind of the day
Made it a success, by merely a guess,
What a genius they called him straightaway.

Everything that is, was or will be,
Has its birth in a dreamer's brain,
After years do pass, some other, alas !
All the wealth and honor does gain.

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

HUMANITY'S MIXTURE.

What a difference we find in humanity,
When we note the qualities they possess ;
Some filled to the crown with vanity,
While others never think of their dress.

While some never give a thought for tomorrow,
Are carefree and happy always,
Others, so busily engrossed with sorrow,
They could never do without it a day.

While some live so peaceful and quiet,
Never ruffling time's swift-moving stream,
Others find great pleasure in a riot,
And enjoy pain's suffering scream.

While some try to broaden their mind,
Giving the world the fruit of their brain,
There are others we are sorry to find,
Giving their life for a trifling gain.

While some are so selfish and mean,
Giving humanity never a thought,
On others the poor and weak lean,
With the weight of the burden they brought.

Yes, the human family is a mixed-up mess,
'Tis the same wherever you go,
Tho' some some contradict, yet they must confess,
'Tis a mixture of pleasure, pain and woe.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

REWARD OF THE POOR.

In heaven the poor will get their reward,
For centuries this has been taught,
Tho' they have but little on earth to hoard,
In heaven get more than they ought.

In heaven the poor will be well repaid
For all they suffer on earth,
Tho' many for relief a lifetime prayed,
From the suffering that began with their birth.

In heaven the poor will happiness find,
That on earth they sought for in vain,
While crushed to the ground in daily grind,
Merely food for their needs to gain.

In heaven the poor will find relief
From their earthly sorrow and woe,
Tho' the promised reward is beyond belief,
As deathward they swiftly go.

Why can't the poor have happiness here
As well as the rich and great?
If happy on earth, they'd have no fear
Of punishment in a future state.

The poor the doctrine of contentment are taught,
Their trials they must meekly endure,
Wealth and happiness is the punishment the rich
have caught,
'Tis such a blessing to be poor.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

THE COMMON PEOPLE.

Why is man so filled with pride?
Why is it he feels so ashamed,
When in public conveyance he must ride,
Or with common people be named?

Why does he look at his brother man
With a countenance filled with woe,
And then object, when others plan,
He with common people must go?

What is it that makes him feel that he
Is better than the brother he passed?
Why is he as mad as he can be
When with common people he's classed?

Is he any different from the rest of the crowd
That from the womb of time was born?
Is it his fine clothes that makes him proud,
While the common people's are worn?

When the term "common people" enters your mind
Just pause a moment to think,
Were it not for them the rich would find
They would hunger for food and drink.

Why this distinction between man and man?
What is it that makes one so fine?
Are all not formed by nature's plan
As a part of the "Eternal Divine"?

THE CALL.

Something seems to call me
From out the forest near,
The sound came from a swaying tree,
A voice so sweet and clear.

In the old-time forest come,
Where long ago we strayed;
How I wish with thee to roam,
For this day I long have prayed.

Once more with thee I long to be,
Whom through all these years I loved,
To rest beneath the low limbed tree,
And tell of where we've roved.

I seemed to hear that voice again,
It sounded low and sweet,
I hasten to the woods in vain—
No form my eyes do greet.

My heart went out in longing,
The spirit's form to see;
Now the forest leaves seem moaning
And whispering low to me.

If thou would'st be forever near me,
Thy walled-up home forsake,
No more to part, as thy throbbing heart
Within my arms I take.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

TALE OF A LEAF.

I am just a leaf of a forest tree,
And I know I will live but a year,
I am very happy in this short life,
Of the future I have no fear.

We are quite a numerous family,
And we live a life of ease,
Never gadding about, telling scandalous tales,
We try our best each other to please.

When the sun shines hot, the livelong day,
And in blistering heat we swelter,
We waste no time in a complaining way,
But try each other to shelter.

When we are hot and dry, and nature does try,
To rain and quench our thirst,
We stay in our place, and we don't race
To see which will get their's first.

If those higher up get more than their share,
They don't try to hold all they get,
But kindly let the surplus run free,
Till every leaf of the tree gets wet.

When the gentle winds blow, and the sun sets low,
We gently whisper and kiss;
We never complain, whether sunshine or rain,
Our short life is mostly bliss.

When our life's work is done we're colored by the sun,
Such colors we never had seen,
And we don't complain that we won't love again,
And we never more will be green.

THE AMERICAN CHESTNUT.

This beautiful nut, smooth, shiny and brown,
From out of its burr comes tumbling down,
As the winds of October the trees fiercely sway,
We gather them gladly from the ground where they lay.

Of all the nut family, the best by all odds,
Either boiled or roasted, a feast for the Gods ;
So delicious we find them, we never get our fill,
Another nut so eaten would surely make us ill.

Much pleasure is found in gathering this nut,
Regardles of station, from palace or hut ;
They troop to the forest, all eager to find
The sweet brown chestnut, the best of nut-kind.

And as they go scratching the leaves on the ground,
How their eyes do glisten when a large one is found,
And so they continue to add to their store,
Tho' they want to stop gathering, yet they want a few more.

In numerous countries chestnuts are found,
Yet none so sweet as in America abound,
Foreign nuts are large, some bitter, some sweet,
But the American chestnut can't be beat.

THE LAW'S INJUSTICE.

When nature dispensed the qualities,
Possessed by the human kind,
As the female was given its beauty,
The male tried to grasp all the mind.

So ever since that fateful day,
Tho' the female to the male is dear,
In matters of law the male has all to say,
And he tries to govern by fear.

For the male, the law is very lax,
They do much as they please,
For female laws, how their brain they tax,
To make laws that bind with ease.

For the act that a male does again and again,
Leaving a trail of shame and scorn,
Instead of censure, 'tis praise he will gain,
What an honor just a male to be born.

But if for this same act a female is suspected,
Her punishment knows no end,
Gets the shame and scorn, no longer respected,
And none will her fame defend.

In justice a crime is the act committed,
Regardless by whom or where,
To punish one for doing what another's permitted,
To me, seems very unfair.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Every wrongful deed should injustice receive
Punishment to fit the act;
The difference in sex should none relieve,
If the guilt is a proven fact.

When the male, in his greed, tried all to take
Of the Immortal quality, mind,
He was over-excited, and his hand did shake,
Dropping a lot that the female did find.

What the female found, she put to good use,
To improve began at once,
Whilst the male, his portion did much abuse,
Now we often find him a dunce.

As the female improved, and the male much abused
Their portions of the Immortal mind,
Now the female demands what the male has oft refused,
Everywhere equal law for all kind.

As the male fears to give to the female so dear,
The equality that she now demands,
That he truly loves her, how can he make clear
As he refuses to untie her hands?

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

THE GOOD WILL BE GREAT.

In ancient times, if man possessed,
Great strength, with massive frame,
With tender conscience, not oppressed,
He soon was known to fame.

He'd sally forth to a likely spot,
Oft a lonely mountain pass,
And rob all travelers, he cared not what,
Be they man, or boy, or lass.

So by the force of his great strength,
Took a part of each one's load,
And far and near was known at length,
As the great man of that road.

In after years, when men were armed
With axe or sword and spear,
The small man oft was much alarmed,
When a large man did appear.

What the large man wanted he would roughly take,
With never a thought of pay,
And serfs of the small he oft would make,
He was the Great man of his day.

And later on the great combined,
Their power as kings displayed,
The cowardly masses licked and whined,
To revolt not yet arrayed.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Up to this time the most required
To obtain the title of great,
Was massive frame, in armour attired,
Tho' the brain was but second rate.

Then printing and powder entered the field,
Equalizing the great and small,
The small to the large no longer must yield,
Nor the short have fear of the tall.

As the mind became the master of strength,
The medium began to grow bright,
With brain directing, till at length,
True greatness came not through a fight.

And now, the order of battle was changed,
Revolutionizing the struggle of life,
As vessels with cargoes everywhere ranged,
Find the great in commercial strife.

In the past, the fighter held the title of great.
Then the title to the merchant was given,
Who passed it to those prominent in state,
Tho' the good for it vainly had striven.

Soon a battle will be a thing of the past,
Peace and happiness will be man's estate,
With each other share all that thou hast,
For the good alone will be great.

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

AMERICAN EAGLE.

*American Eagle, glorious, grand,
Emblem of our native land,
Selected by our forefathers brave,
Who now lie peacefully in the grave.*

*American Eagle, strong and free,
Our country we compare to thee,
Our family we guard, our home defend,
Like thee faithful, to the end.*

*American Eagle, fierce and bold,
Like thee our freedom can't be sold,
With talons sharp, and eyes so bright,
Like thee, for freedom we will fight.*

*American Eagle, soaring high,
Ever watchful, far and nigh,
Swift of wing and strong of sight,
Inspiring our defence of right.*

*American Eagle, in air supreme,
In false security do'st not dream,
Ever watchful for a foe,
Like thee we guard our rights, also.*

*American Eagle, thou bird so great,
Instill in us a love of state,
Inspire us with thee to soar,
Carrying freedom's banner forevermore.*

*American Eagle, with freedom's cry,
Onward upward, toward the sky,
So loud and clear the world may know,
We thus to endless ages go.*

FOR THE WORLD'S PEACE.

The eagle's scream, and the lion's roar,
Reverberate the whole world over;
Tho' the lion masters the raging main,
To master the eagle he will try in vain.

The lion's roar resounds over hill and vale,
As the American eagle twists his tail,
In vain he tries the eagle to catch,
That proved to be more than his match.

With cat-like tread and midnight prowl,
At the best his threat is but a growl,
While the eagle, far beyond his reach,
Quite quickly could a lesson teach.

With wings outspread, and talons set,
With diving rush a hold to get
On the lion's back, then beak at brain,
The British lion roars with pain.

So the eagle's scream and lion's roar
Reverberate the whole world over;
For the whole world's good 'tis better far
They combine for peace, thus end all war.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

DOES IT PAY TO BE GOOD?

Does it pay to be good? questioned a charming Miss,
Just budding into young womanhood,
When so many pleasures in life we miss,
Lacking proper clothing and food.

Does it pay to be good? this question I ask,
For I really desire to know,
As I can scarcely perform my daily task,
Yet my poverty compels me to go.

Does it pay to be good? when daily I see
Young girls not as pretty as I,
Dressed in silks, in autos so free,
Go gaily driving by.

Does it pay to be good? when long before dawn
I must be up, and off to work,
Whilst others can lie, with curtains drawn,
And all of life's hardships shirk.

Does it pay to be good? with a hopeless life,
Without money, or friends that are dear,
While the careless and gay spend more in a day
Than I can earn in a year.

Does it pay to be good? and temptation resist,
With the tempters on every side,
Offering money and clothes, they so sweetly persist,
That where I wish to go I may ride.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Does it pay to be good? Oh, answer me quick,
Or much on your conscience may lie;
I may lose my job, or get seriously sick,
And in squalid poverty die.

Does it pay to be good? If I only knew,
For I long for my share of life's pleasure.
Oh, I've had my portion of life's bitter brew,
Mingling sorrow and woe in my measure.

Does it pay to be good? Once I felt so oppressed,
And to church went, to quiet my mind;
Was not even welcomed, because poorly dressed,
As tho' I was not of their kind.

Does it pay to be good? When every one
Judges me by the clothing I wear;
Forgive me, O Lord, soon I'll be undone,
When I'm bad there's no one to care.

Oh, I tried to be good, but I've miserably failed,
Tho' for years the tempter I resisted,
And many a one my motives assailed,
Oh, how the tempters persisted.

But I would not yield, nor weakly surrender,
I determined to be good and true;
Tho' many of the good things of life did they tender,
To accept meant only to rue.

But the battle of life was a daily terror,
The tomorrows just filled me with dread,
While many, who lived a gay life of error,
Deserving censure, got praise instead.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

And so I continued to hunger and thirst
For life's pleasures just merely a taste,
How oft with misery my heart nearly burst,
What a struggle to keep pure and chaste.

At the last I was taken quite seriously ill,
And poverty-stricken as well,
My life was a failure, with a weakened will,
The tempter came and I fell.

Yes, the tempter won, well filled in my measure,
With the sweets of a misspent life.
So I'll take my fill of wordly pleasure,
Till I leave this world of strife.

I often think how the question I'd ask,
If it really paid to be good,
While wending my way to my daily task,
Barely earning my livelihood.

Oh, the pathway of sin looked smooth and clear,
With attractions on every side,
And pleasant companions, it seemed so dear,
Ah, 'tis easy to drift with the tide.

But every pleasure has its measure of pain,
That all are compelled to accept,
Tho' we try to evade payment, 'tis all in vain.
As shown by the tears that are wept.

The Pleasure for which I fiercely did long;
No longer to me does appeal,
Now I oft regret that I did what was wrong,
None know the sorrow I feel.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Does it pay to be good? Oh, is it not sad
That its value, we learn too late?
For we cannot go back when once we are bad,
We are pushed clear through "Hell's Gate."

So be on guard when the tempters are near,
Of your welfare they do not think;
Of their gifts and promises have every fear,
You are near life's dangerous brink.

Tho' the pay of the good seems very small,
What is greater than pure womanhood?
To the tempter's wiles, oh, pray never fall,
In the end it will pay to be good.



INCREAS'D EFFICIENCY.

When man does the part assigned him,
And just a little bit more,
Who gets the additional earnings—
Do they mark it down to his score?

I see so much in the papers,
That man should more efficient be;
I wonder would it satisfy the driver
If the driven did the work of three?

No matter how good the workman,
Or that he exceeds what he did before,
There is always a smart one to tell him
He must do just a little bit more.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

And so he increases his output,
Producing double what he did years ago,
The result of his increased efficiency
The discharge of some that are slow.

For a while his earnings are greater,
Because of his increased speed,
Later on he meets a reduction
To suit the employer's greed.

Still later, as the years of labor
Made his muscles quite stiff and sore,
No longer a model of efficiency,
He reaps what he sowed years before.

For a younger man now succeeds him,
By the pace he set he must go,
Tho' the employer got rich from his labor,
He is discharged for being too slow.

But the man that is slow must live,
As well as the one that is fast,
As he cannot earn food some must give
As long as his life does last.

Oh, increased efficiency, where is thy gain,
When the numbers of idle you increase?
To better its condition labor tries in vain,
Till to increase their efficiency they cease.

Oh, increased efficiency, where is thy gain
When but few do the work of the world,
And the many for employment try in vain,
And in the depths of poverty are hurled?

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Increase thy efficiency is the eternal cry,
Let one do the work of three,
What matters if many starve and die,
So the few have full luxury?

With the army of idle increasing each day,
As the worker for efficiency strives,
Earning much more than he gets as pay,
And the slow one to idleness drives.

Far better for all were it so outlined
That two did the work of one,
That all a place to labor could find,
And a place to live had won.

But the few that want the driven to work,
Without even a moment of rest,
If they were the driven, would they not shirk,
And their driver be cursed, not blessed?

Increased efficiency is for the other fellow,
Not the one that its benefits sings;
You can easily find his streak of yellow
When for him the work bell rings.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

WILD FOWL.

Once again the wild fowl migrate north,
To obey reproduction's law,
Tho' the flight be long, go bravely forth,
Feeding many a hungry maw.

As in the fall their home they left,
Where they were newly hatched,
To a strange home South, the air they cleft,
With a speed that is rarely matched.

How strangely Nature must have taught
The wild fowl their course to take,
Through storms and darkness they're annually brought,
Where their alternate homes they make.

That they leave the North, with the coming cold,
To seek a warmer clime,
Seems well explained of a bird that's old
And journeyed there many a time.

But the bird that first saw the light of day,
In the Northern marsh or stream,
What drives them from their home away
To a place beyond their dream?

The why or wherefore that birds migrate,
Alternately South, then North,
Have caused many their pet theories to state,
Yet what are their theories worth?

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

ARE THOUGHTS THINGS?

As some assert that thoughts are things,
That to each one a message brings,
What about the wretch who had
Never a thought, either good or bad?

That in this world was blindly cast,
And through his earth-term thoughtless passed,
Blindly accepting what was him given,
No thought of hell, nor yet of heaven.

What message to him from any thought,
He can't understand, though much he ought;
The grandest thoughts that brain evolved,
Of how the earth and moon revolved.

Might just as well have never been,
He only knows what he has seen;
He just believes what he is told,
He cares not if 'tis new or old.

He cares not if 'tis good or bad,
Making others happy, or making them sad;
The thoughtless wretch accepts all things,
No thought to him a message brings.

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

DRIFTING.

As our bark goes drifting down the river of life,
And the current ever grows more strong;
With the rocks and shoals in endless strife,
As tho' right must yield to wrong.

As our bark is launched, how smoothly we glide,
And the world looks bright and clear;
All unconsciously we go with the tide,
And all the world seems dear.

And numerous companions we find in the stream,
And they all seem so happy and gay,
Of the danger ahead, we don't even dream,
As though pleasure could last alway.

But oh! What a waiting, as in the distance we see,
The rocks showing cruel and clear,
We are filled with dread as the dying and dead,
Are everywhere, far and near.

Alas! 'Tis too late to avoid our fate;
When we could, we would not take heed;
Our struggle is vain the goal to gain,
To destruction we go with all speed.

PRIDE.

The pride of those that are dead, now sleeps,
As though it had never caused pain,
Yet many a soul most gratefully weeps,
That it cannot return again.

How the many have suffered, and do even yet,
By the foolish pride of the few;
Who gauge man's worth by the wealth they get,
But not by the deeds they do.

The wealth of the world must be held by the few,
'Tis not possible to equally divide;
There's a portion for me, and also for you,
To which must we add foolish pride.

The man of wealth oft' got it by stealth,
As his brother to the wall he would crowd;
Taking his substance, ruining his health,
Is it this that makes him so proud?

Tis well to be proud of the good deeds you do,
Of the numbers you help in distress;
Of the friends in need, to whom you prove true,
Such pride we cannot help bless.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

FAITH.

One of nature's gifts, which all possess,
Though it differs much in degree,
Some having a lot, others have less,
Of this faith in you and me.

For reasons unknown, which we can't explain,
In a loved one's virtue we believe,
Yet they wilfully deceive us, again and again,
When we learn it, alas! how we grieve.

We have friends whom we hold dear,
Our faith in their honor is high,
They're false to their trust, when we're not near,
Our companions they take on the sly.

We are told to have faith in something unknown,
And in the future great happiness find,
Through bitter experience our doubts have grown,
Having faith, seems but to be blind.

For the greater the faith, the more we're deceived
By those whom we dearly love,
Professions of honor, cannot be believed
Till the hawk finally mates with the dove.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

SONGS.

Oh, the songs that are written of the rich and great,
Of the warrior, the hero, the holy,
And of those that are prominent in councils of state,
But not of the poor and the lowly.

No one thinks of writing songs of the poor,
Whose lot is a hard one in life,
Compelled to beg, oft from door to door,
For food in continual strife.

The writer of songs don't write of the poor,
For he writes that he may live,
So he places his songs at the rich one's door,
For they are the ones that can give.

So write a good word for the hero that shared
His last crust with a starving brother,
And his own aching back to the burden bared,
For the load that belonged to another.

These are the heroes of whom none do write,
In whose deeds no one takes pride,
How the battle of life they manfully fight,
And even for others have died.

LATE PRAISE.

What benefit to man if his praise is sung
After his life is ended?
And even if 'tis said he deserved to be hung,
He could'nt at that be offended.

If you have anything to say, either good or bad,
Don't wait till after he's dead;
If there's anything good, let the benefit be had
Before the death service is read.

If 'tis anything bad, just give him a chance,
That he may arrange his defense;
The logical moment is not after death's glance,
And he's started his long journey hence.

If you have anything to say, just say it now,
Not another moment delay,
And his thanks to you will be the best he knows how,
He'll be grateful to you always.

'Tis the habit of the day all goods things to say
When man leaves this world of sorrow;
Let happiness come his way by saying it today;
Don't put it off till tomorrow.

HATE.

What is hate, by which man is accursed,
From the day of his birth, tho' by love he was nursed?
Yet its seed was there, and it rapidly grew—
Everyone has a portion, even I and you.

Even as we enter our childhood days,
Hate shows its presence in various ways;
Many friends and companions, I am sorry to state,
Are lost forever by the feeling of hate.

The feeling of hate clings to girl and boy,
Spoiling their pleasures, leaving little of joy,
Causing many to go from bad to worse;
Oh, the feeling of hate is a bitter curse.

And as we grow older, tho' our honors be great,
Our feelings are sear'd by the passion of hate.
Even thoes that claim to be just and holy,
Fiercely hate other claimants for opinion's sake solely.

And yet of their justice and virtue they prate,
Making mankind unhappy by indulging hate;
Why can't they try in happiness to live,
By abolishing hate and their differences forgive?

THE LIAR.

If he tells the truth, you doubt him,
Tho' you almost know its true;
He tells his lies with such a vim,
You are sure he's lieing to you.

When he tells about what he has done,
And what he's going to do—
Of the battles fought and victories won,
You know he is lieing to you.

When he tells of places where he has been,
And where he is going to go,
And the various wonders he has seen,
That he's lieing, you surely know.

When he tells what others about him have said,
And what he'll say in reply.
That he'll make them wish that they were dead,
You know it's but a lie.

Wherever he is, or wherever he goes,
That he lies is known full well;
Shunned by friends, condemned by foes,
He'll finally lie in hell.

FREEDOM.

Give me freedom or give me death,
A famous hero cried,
Then straightaway with his first free breath,
Enslaved those by his side.

Give me the right to freedom of thought,
Cried those with awakening brain;
Then with fire and sword they bravely fought,
To prevent others the same right gain.

Freedom of conscience give unto me,
The holy one did meekly cry,
Then with inquisition he tortured to see,
That other claimants should die.

The right to labor and earn his food,
Is the laborer's hungry prayer;
Then combined with the few, to prevent others he stood,
That numbers starve they do not care.

What is this "freedom" they all so desire
That be given to them alone?
To do as they please until they tire,
And that others for their faults atone.

RETROSPECTION.

Another day has come and gone,
 Into the limitless past,
And I wonder have I really done
 All that for me was cast.

Have I helped my neighbors poor
 To bear their burdens drear,
Their bitter sorrows to endure,
 Have I made their lives more dear?

Have I put forth a helping hand
 To those that need it most,
And tried to cheer a mournful band—
 Have I been a generous host?

Have I had thoughts that were unkind,
 Of those that disagreed;
Have I to others' faults been blind,
 Who were weak in time of need?

Yes, another day has disappeared,
 And will never more return,
A journey drear by everything feared
 How to solve this mystery I yearn.

BEWARE.

As oft we meet, and freely greet,
Those whom we think our friends,
Give them our best whenever our guest,
Too soon the illusion ends.

In a thoughtless way we something say
That had better have been unsaid;
Mere useless chatter that ought not matter,
What a world of trouble it made.

This so-called friend, as a means to an end,
Did this useless chatter repeat;
From this thoughtless bubble made lots of trouble,
Now as friends we no longer meet.

So have a care, of false friends beware,
Altho' they are hard to detect;
They profess to be true, such a dear friend to you,
You for them oft a true friend reject.

When you find a friend that will you defend,
Even tho' he may have to fight,
A friend so measured should be always treasured,
Cling to them with all your might.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

THE WAY.

Show me the way, says the doubtful one,
Who lacks the power of will,
And soon the course I'll quickly run,
And the topmost niche I'll fill.

Get out of the way, says the boastful one,
As he boasts how quick he'll win;
I'll show you how the deeds to be done,
That he fails is a grievous sin.

I've lost the way, says the careless one,
In vain I've tried it to find;
When found, I'm sure 'tis easily won,
But he's not of the winning kind.

'Tis too much trouble says the slothful one,
The way's too long and steep;
It tires me so to upward run,
So give me rest and sleep.

Though the way be steep, and hard to climb,
There are some that reach the top,
By faithfully plodding through a wearisome time,
And never by the wayside stop.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

THE GREAT.

Rare indeed are the truly great,
That decide the serious questions of state ;
Yet many there be that greatness desire,
Foredoomed, ne'er to reach the height they aspire.

Rare indeed are the great of mind,
Though in literature great numbers we find,
That faithfully struggle with might and main,
For the title of great, which they never gain.

Rare indeed are the great in war,
Though many a field has been washed in gore ;
Many victories won, many a bitter fight,
Yet the title of great ne'er won by right.

Rare do we find one great in church lore,
Though they preach to many, and pray for more ;
And claim to work for the good of mankind,
Yet one great in the church is hard to find.

The world is full of people unknown,
Bearing the burden of others as well as their own.
For the sorrowful and suffering work early and late,
These are the ones that are truly great.

NATURE'S CALL.

Come one and all, 'tis nature's call,
Give answer, and be quick,
The fat, the lean, the short, the tall,
The lame, the blind, the sick.

When Nature calls, all must obey,
Yes, each and every one,
Whether dark of night, or light of day,
Its call, we cannot shun.

It calls the rich, as well as the poor,
In every walk of life,
It calls the learned, also the poor,
The husband, child or wife.

Its call need not be very loud,
We obey, though we cannot hear,
The answering one, soon in a shroud,
No matter how loved or dear.

Nature's call must be obeyed,
Though the called be small or great,
The answering time can't be delayed,
We cannot escape our fate.

OUR QUALITIES.

In the children of earth, great difference we find,
Being many a person, also many a mind,
Some with mind as clear as the morning bright,
Whilst others as dull as a starless night.

Yet many a bright mind, so lovingly nursed,
And to maturity grown, was bitterly accursed,
With a craving desire for honors, for fame,
Yet ended his career in dishonor and shame. .

And many a mind, apparently quite dull
In life's noisy battle, caused quite a lull,
With no one assisting, his burden to bear,
He fought quite alone, his honor, his care.

At the time of their birth, who can foretell,
A pathway to heaven, or a trip down to hell,
'Tis not always the one, that leads at the start,
That wins at the finish, in life's busy mart.

In giving our qualities, nature is wise,
And hides them carefully, from all prying eyes,
As we enter life's battle, to the world we must show,
Whether fit to climb upward, or remain down below.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

BE PLEASANT.

Be a friend to all mankind,
Don't ever be a foe;
Much happiness in life you'll find,
No matter where you go.

To the poor in need be a friend indeed,
Their burdens try relieve;
Their very need is caused by greed
Of those who them deceive.

Give assistance quick to one that's sick,
Try their ache or pain relieve,
In thus befriending, their suffering ending,
Much happiness you'll receive.

Wherever you go, finding want and woe,
And many in sorrow and pain,
None will resist if you try to assist,
But they'll long to see you again.

So avoid all strife as you journey through life,
Be pleasant to all whom you meet,
And happiness bright will be yours by right,
And life's true pleasures you'll greet.

THE SHAME OF IT.

What an ingenuous creature is the animal man,
Whose life in its orbit is barely a span,
Yet filled with ambition to dare and to do
Deeds that he often does bitterly rue.

In the field of mechanics, his wonderful mind
Is conquering its mysteries as we everywhere find,
Now he builds movements never dreamed in the past,
And the voice of a loved one forever may last.

Found many new methods in the science of war,
So the battles of the future will be fruitless of gore ;
Machines so destructive, all wars must cease,
And man be happy in eternal peace.

New methods discovered in the production of food,
None will be harmful, all will be good,
And so easily produce the whole world's supply
That man will have plenty till the day he must die.

He conquers the water, he conquers the land,
Conquering animal life on every hand;
He conquers the air and acquires great wealth,
But, oh, the shame of it, *fails to conquer himself*.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

BE GENEROUS AND JUST.

Some go through life seeking naught but strife,
 Making trouble wherever they go;
Will fiercely fight against what is right,
 Leaving a trail of sorrow and woe.

Some pass their time in thoughts sublime,
 Reforming the world, their dream;
But, oh, 'tis a fact, they've no courage to act,
 So this world they'll never redeem.

While the time of others making sisters and brothers
 Of the many in trouble they meet,
Quickly answer the call of those that fall
 In their battles, rarely meet with defeat.

While some there be nothing good can see
 In the works that others have done;
Much fault will they find, being ever unkind,
 To the victors whose battles were won.

Be just to each one whose work is well done;
 Give prais to all when 'tis due
Be generous and just, not because you must,
 But because you are honest and true.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Disappointments in life are many,
Causing a world of sorrow and woe,
That we'd gladly forget as soon as they're met,
As over life's journey we go.

We oft defend whom we think a friend,
Against the attack of a foe,
Then bitterly regret the disappointment we met,
When the truth of the charge we know.

Some compare to a dove, one whom they love ;
They believe them an earthly saint ;
Alas, too late, they bewail their fate,
As their companion's morals they taint.

How many go wild over a real smart child,
Having hopes of a bright career ;
Their hopes are brief, soon they're filled with grief,
And the future to them looks drear.

Many good and true will happiness pursue
Of any and every kind,
Beginning so glad yet ending so bad,
As their measure of trouble they find.

SUCCESS.

Success is measured in various ways
By those who strive it to gain;
Faithfully plodding to their ending days,
Yet many go plodding in vain.

Some measure success by the money they get,
Regardless of the suffering it cost,
For another's troubles have no regret,
Tho' their gains another has lost.

Some measure success by the power they get,
As heedless over others they rush;
If troubles are met they fume and fret,
And their fellow man they crush.

Some measure success by the pleasure they get,
And they live for pleasure for play,
And joyously greet numerous friends they meet,
And live their life for today.

But success to endure must be from thoughts pure,
And acts that are thoughtful and kind,
Relieving sick and poor, 'tis thus I am sure,
That true success you will find.

EVERYWHERE.

Where e'er we go, living things are found,
In water, in air, even in the ground;
Some thoughtless, some happy, some full of care,
Yes, life with its troubles is everywhere.

In the vegetable kingdom, look where we will,
Evidence we find of the Creator's skill;
Massive and small, also dull or fair,
Plant life is found most everywhere.

Of the animal kingdom great numbers are found,
In forest or stream, also in the ground;
With natures so fierce, each other they tear,
Animal life is found most everywhere.

Of a higher order is animal, man,
Combined with mind by God's great plan;
Thus fitted by nature to do and to dare,
So the animal man is everywhere.

The laws of nature he's compelled to obey,
Yet tries these laws by his will to sway;
Even the Power Supreme he presumes to dare,
Demands blessings for man everywhere.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

PRAISE.

For praise, our hearts no longer beat,
As they did in the days of our youth;
In our battle of life we are nearing defeat,
How bitter indeed is the truth.

Oh, how we hungered for public praise,
How greedily we absorbed it all
What pleasure we had, in those by-gone days,
Now it all is wormwood and gall.

Those days of joy have passed with the years,
And we are passing also;
Oh, the memory now is bathed in tears,
Of the pleasure of long ago.

But why should we grieve? We've had our day,
Others also must get their share;
The praise of the world should go their way,
As they boldly do and dare.

Instead of longing for vanished praise,
Encourage the youth of today;
For honor and truth, the standard to raise,
Thus deserving, praise go their way.

THE WINTER'S STORM.

This fourth day of the second month,
Of nineteen-eleven year;
I was greatly shocked in early morn,
By sensations akin to fear.

The sky grew bright as the lightning flashed,
Long and loud the thunder roared;
The rain on the windows madly dashed,
How the elements blew discord.

As I awoke, with unknown fear,
Of the elements' brilliant battle,
So dark a while, then so clear,
The whole world seemed to rattle.

For an hour or more the battle raged,
Then suddenly all was still;
The elements had just been engaged,
In obeying the Master's will.

Be still ye winds, no longer blow,
Cease thou thy thunders' roar;
Oh lightning, hide thy brilliant glow,
For the mid-winter storm is o'er.

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

POWER OF WILL.

There's many a question unsettled,
And has been since the world began ;
And the mind of man is nettled,
That to settle he never can.

Though many a wrong has been righted,
There is many a one doing wrong ;
And many a life has been blighted,
By the acts of the few that are strong.

Many a question unsettled remains,
That will not be settled right,
Until the masses more courage gain,
That to settle, will bravely fight.

Man's heritage is a selfish mind
That craves everything in sight ;
'Tis hard indeed, barely one to find,
That will render another his right.

Yes, the questions unsettled are many,
Though to settle, we are battling still ;
But the chance to settle, if any,
Must be by the power of will.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

THE MILL WILL GRIND.

They say the mill will grind no more,
With the water that has passed,
That has gone with all that went before,
Into the Ocean vast.

Now I contend that this is wrong,
That these lines are not true,
For the waters to the world belong
The same as I and you.

And as the planets all revolve,
In circles large or small,
So the waters will in mist dissolve,
As rain again will fall.

In the billions of years of earthly age,
The same waters will go by,
Go through the race as tho' in rage,
To grind the wheat and rye.

And so the mill will grind again
With the waters that have passed,
Yes, grind again the golden grain,
If the mill will only last.

SORROW.

This world is filled with trouble as full as it can be,
Yet some have naught but pleasure, never tasting misery ;
But there's one thing I am sure, I'll never want to borrow,
That's a portion of my neighbor's measure filled with
sorrow.

Some people have their measure filled to overflowing,
With the bitterest of sorrow, their share seems to be
growing ;

In vain they try avoid it, no matter what they do,
Their recompense is sorrow, their act they surely rue.

They often think they'll do a deed that pleasure will beget,
The deed they do, but, oh, the act brings naught but
deep regret ;

Everyday they think their luck will change, their hope
lies in tomorrow,

But with the dawning of the day, they find 'tis filled
with sorrow.

When nature is in humor, and has punishment in store,
They always get their portion, and just a little more ;
When they really might avoid it, and delay might be a
boon,

They're sure to get their portion by being there too soon.

The life of some is one long lease of bitterness and woe,
It follows them in every clime, no matter where they go ;
They live a life of misery, how sorrowful their fate,
When pleasure is to be given out, they always come too
late.

REQUISITES OF SUCCESS.

To insure success in life you'll find
The requisites you need are three,
Their names you should bear in mind,
Ability, energy and opportunity.

Without the first you're bound to fail,
'Tis useless to even try;
Whatever you do will not avail,
You simply labor and die.

Lacking the second you can't succeed
In what you undertake;
The pity of this world you'll need
Till you this life forsake.

If the first two are possessed by you,
For the third you'll bravely fight;
To win success you'll dare and do—
Opportunity is yours by right.

Whatever quality your possess,
Do the very best you can;
'Tis few indeed that greet success
In this life that's but a span.

FALSE CLAIMS.

With loud applause we greet success,
We overlook the methods used;
Were they closely examined, we must confess,
Paths of honor much abused.

We quickly condemn those that fail,
We forget their struggle so vain;
How faithfully they strove without avail,
For success which all cannot gain.

To those that have we are prone to give,
Much of what they do not need;
But a part of their waste would help others live,
Whose sufferings make the heart bleed.

From those that have little we are prone to take,
Even a part of that which they hold,
And give no thought of the trouble we make,
Even tho' they are helpless and old.

And yet we claim to be honorable and just,
That we give fellowmen their just due;
When in fact we give only what we must,
Our high-flown claims are untrue.

A MAN.

Of all the creatures of this old earth,
 You will find no better than
Regardless of station, high or low birth,
 What we find to be truly, "a man."

In the work of the world, does well his part,
 Always doing the best he can;
His results always show in life's busy mart,
 And he proves, he is truly, "a man."

In the battle of life, he's found at the front,
 He will not lag in the van
Of its troubles and trials, willingly bears the brunt,
 Well earning the title, "a man."

In sickness and sorrow, always the first,
 No matter how quick others ran;
Freely assisting those by nature accursed,
 So thoughtful and tender, though, "a man."

He embodies the best the world has produced,
 In accordance with God's great plan;
By wealth or power cannot be seduced,
 God's noblest work, "a man."

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

THE CANDLE'S DIM GLOW.

I often think and wonder how the people of today,
If the present means of getting light were in a moment
swept away,
Would look upon the candle light of sixty years ago,
Compelled to do their night-work by the candle's dim
glow.

The light that was given by the tallow candle dip,
Was but a shadow to the flame of the coal gas lava tip,
It had its many good points, as the old folks all do
know,
That courted their sweethearts by the candle's dim
glow.

When we look upon the electric light of the present
day,
That is so very brilliant, it drives dark night away.
It fills us full of pity for the folks of long ago,
Who had no better light than the candle's dim glow.

Yet the system of the future, making artificial light,
May be such an improvement, completely ending night.
Judging us by our light, they'll think us just as slow,
As we think those whose only light was the candle's
dim glow.

One should not be too hasty in judging men or things,
We must study well the time that its conditions brings.
The present evolution of the light of long ago,
Was invented and perfected by the candle's dim glow.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

THE RAIN FAIRY.

I was listening to the rain drops, that on the roof did fall,
And cast upon the landscape a dark and gloomy pall;
Oh, it made me feel so lonely, and filled my heart with pain,
As I looked out of the window on the cold and driving rain.

If I only had companions, I would not much regret
The visit of a driving rain, that makes one get so wet;
So I listened to the rain drops, and wished that they would stop,
So that the birds would come again, and fly and skip and hop.

As I looked out of the window, I did wish, and wish and wish,
That the rain would clear off quickly I seemed to hear a swish,
As though someone had entered, with garments soaking wet,
I quickly turned and saw a sight that I never shall forget.

For there, I saw in garments wet, and no bigger than my thumb,
A lady fair, who said to me, "to stop this rain I've come,"
I felt so grateful to her, yet I knew not what to say,
So I looked out of the window, lo, the rain had cleared away.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

I turned around to thank her, when, lo, she was not there,
I wish someone would tell me who was this lady fair,
That took a lot of trouble my childish wish to grant,
When I tell this story now, I say that she's my fairy
aunt.



THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

"Tis the day after Christmas, and I feel awful bad,
For I ate and I drank everything to be had;
There were wines and whiskies, cider and beer,
Of them all I drank freely, partaking good cheer.

There were nuts and candies, and all sorts of cakes,
Even now as I think of them, how my stomach does
ache;

And goblets of eggnog, oh, the number don't tell,
At the mere mention, my poor head does swell.

And the great tender turkey, that so nicely did roast,
Of the quantity I'd eaten, how I did boast,
And the helpings of gravy, so rich and so thick,
Oh please don't speak of it, I feel awful sick.

And the pies in profusion, custard, pumpkin and mince,
Oh my stomach's so tender, their names make me
wince,

And the milk punch I drank when I bid all good-bye,
Why add to my torture, oh I'm wishing to die.

"Tis the day after Christmas, and I feel awful blue,
And my head feels as though it was bursting in two;
If I get invitations for Christmas next year,
I'd just do the same fool trick, I very much fear.

THE ENDING OF THIS YEAR.

I have a strange foreboding that seem akin to fear,
As old time is rushing forward to the ending of this year ;
As tho' an unknown evil was hastening on its way,
To spread grim desolation upon this year's last day.

What is this combination that oft forms in the brain,
That tells me things beforehand again and yet again,
That gives me subtle warnings, oft making life quite
drear,
It almost makes me dread the ending of this year.

Whence comes this voiceless message, whose impost is
so plain ?
I look to see who's spoken when the message comes again ;
Then I feel a strange sensation, commonly known as
fear,
I'm full of its strange vibration at this ending of the year.

Is it a voice from a companion mind, of the life of long-
ago,
Who traveled centuries me to find, to trouble me with
woe ?
Or is it from an ancient love to whom I yet am dear,
That longs again to meet me at this ending of the year ?

I oft have strange sensation I cannot quite explain,
As tho' someone was trying to make a message plain ;
This mystic personality whose voice I almost hear,
Is in bitter anguish calling at this ending of the year.

PRESENT AND PAST.

Within my mind once more I live,
In the pre-historic time;
Of time and treasure I'd freely give,
Those mountains again to climb.

The darksome cave I fain would see,
Where as primal child I dwelt,
That from storm and danger sheltered me,
As in ignorant fear I knelt.

The forest-wild, where the game we'd hunt,
Our main dependence as food;
With an axe of stone, tho' its edgewasblunt,
For our arms were indeed very rude.

Tho' our possessions were few our needs were the same,
So our wants were easily supplied;
From the streams got fish and from the forest game,
'Twas hunting and eating till we died.

The difference between the present and past,
Gauged by love, sorrow and pain,
Is not very great, whatever time thou hast,
'Tis the grave at the end that all gain.

TO TRY AGAIN.

With muscle and brain, men oft in vain
Endeavor to reach the goal ;
With courage inborn, mere failure they scorn,
To try again, is the cry of their soul.

With courage renewed, to the highest pitch screwed,
Again they enter the field ;
Tempering defeat with a masterly retreat,
To try again, though compelled to yield.

Once more to the front, for victory to hunt,
Getting into the midst of the fray ;
A gallant defender, that will not surrender,
Try again, is the hope of the day.

With heroic trust in a cause that is just,
Standing firm for that which is right ;
'Tis easy to guess, the end is success,
Trying again in the end wins the fight.

So never say die, but continue to try,
Though the battle be ever so bitter ;
With victory at the end, all will you commend,
Try again, the world condemns a quitter.

DO IT NOW.

If you meet a stranger, full of trouble and woe,
That your heart goes out to somehow;
With sympathy and sorrow, you quite o'erflow,
If you really mean to help, "do it now."

If you meet an acquaintance, that looks awful blue,
Evidently having been in a row;
Do the same for him, you would have him do for you,
If you really mean to do it, "do it now."

If you meet a friend in great financial need,
To whom you have made many a vow;
Now is the time to prove you are a friend, indeed,
If you really mean to help, "do it now."

If you have relations that are worthy but poor,
When you die, you intend to endow,
So they can be happy, while life does endure,
If you really mean to do it, "do it now."

Never put off the doing of any good deed,
No matter when or how;
Keep the good deeds going, help all you can in need,
If you really mean to do it, "do it now."

THE WOMAN YOU LOVE.

Man oftens thinks as he goes through life,
That his pleasures are really few;
But the greatest pleasure in this world of strife,
Is loving a woman, whom you think loves you.

Though sickness and trouble come your way,
As though specially for you they grew;
You will weather it all, though your hair turn gray,
If the woman you love, loves you.

Though the world of fame on you does call,
Bring friends that are great, though new;
For one lone woman you'll forsake them all,
When the woman you love, loves you.

With the craving of wealth your heart does glow,
Making you mean, and cruel too;
You'd forsake it all, could you only know,
That the woman you love, loves you.

You know in your heart if you love her well,
And she knows if she loves but you;
Yet each must believe what the other does tell,
That they love, but do they tell true?

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

WHY WONDER.

Though all are deserving of equal rights,
That begin their life on earth;
'Tis all in vain, no chance do they gain,
Foredomed from the moment of birth.

Two children are born the same moment of time,
In wealth, and in poverty begot;
One reaps the pleasures of every clime,
The other suffers the laborer's lot.

In the course of time, they children beget,
That parental blessings or curses reap;
Nature gives all to one, then seems to forget,
That the other should have rest or sleep.

One has all of the good, also the best of care,
In the lap of luxury does roll;
The other's portion of bitter is more than its share,
'Tis hardly worth giving a soul.

Is it any wonder, with the doctrines taught,
So many men will disagree?
When all of the pleasure to the few is brought,
And we, everywhere, suffering see.

AN EQUAL SHOW.

While the poor have the promise of pleasure,
And all of the things they are fond,
Will get all they want of treasure,
When they get to the distant beyond.

The rich for their pleasure need not wait,
Having more than they really need;
With untold wealth and power so great,
Yet striving for more in their greed.

Now as one gets rich a great many get poor,
'Tis their portion that makes his great wealth;
As his substance increases they more must endure,
Thus he also robs them of health.

Tho' all are born in the self-same way,
Of sex or station none can choose;
Brought into this world by another mortal's say,
Which foredooms them to win or lose.

When children are brought into this bitter life,
By parents that may be poor or great,
Each have an equal show, none be doomed to strife;
They all should be cared for by the state.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

LET US DREAM.

So let us dream of the wonderful things
That the coming years will unfold;
Machines that will fly between earth and sky,
Carrying both timid and bold.

So let us dream of this flying machine,
Whose power is yet unknown;
Dispensing with noise, tho' holding its poise,
That around the earth will have flown.

So let us dream while on this theme,
Of the places to which they will fly;
Reaching the goal of the long-sought pole,
And their honors none will deny.

So let us dream of the forest and stream,
That today are quite unknown;
They will go everywhere as they travel through air,
And see the wonderful things there grown.

Now let us dream of the life after death,
And our other dreams have all come true,
Where all will be gladness, no cause for sadness,
What a glorious dream for you.

MY WISH.

The sun hides beneath a threatening cloud,
The air seems charged with rain;
The wind goes moaning by so loud,
As tho' it were filled with pain.

The leaves go drifting over the ground,
The trees are bending low;
The only thing that makes a sound,
Is the wind that does fiercely blow.

Now the clouds begin to get more dark,
More gloomy grows the day;
The sun is but a vanishing mark—
It no longer lights the way.

The wind begins to sigh and wail,
I shiver with unknown fear,
As down comes pouring rain and hail;
How I wish the weather would clear.

My wish is answered, lo, behold!
The sun shining clear and bright;
As on hill and vale its rays unfold,
What a grand and glorious sight.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT.

In the cause of right fail not to fight,
Help those whose cause is just;
Many a wrong is caused by the strong
Grinding the weaker to dust.

So do and dare, take every care
For defence of a rightful cause;
The right defend to the bitter end,
'Tis your duty, so do not pause.

Have no fear that those that are dear
Will oppose your assisting the right;
But few will censure when you boldly venture,
To combat the power of might.

Oh, bravely go, fear not the foe,
No matter how massive or strong;
Tho' it troubles entail, oh, do not fail
To battle against what is wrong.

When those of might claim it their right
To take what belongs to another,
With every breath defend unto death
The oppressed—be to them a brother.

THE SNOB.

Of all the creatures to be most despised,
A disgrace to manhood where manhood is prized;
The excuse for a man who so meekly does bob,
When he meets a lord, is the "society snob."

If one has a title, tho' his morals be bad,
By former friends is voted a cad;
For when playing bridge his friends he will rob,
Is looked at with awe by the society snob.

If the wife of a lord has a shady past,
Is shunned because her life is fast,
Her cruel nature causing many to sob,
Is gladly sought by the society snob.

I feel so ashamed whenever I see
A man or woman of this land of the free,
Go cringing to those that are not worth a cob—
Yet daily 'tis done by the society snob.

The society snob is seen everywhere,
In the form of a man or a lady fair,
Causing many a face to burn with shame,
By the way they worship a titled name.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

THE BANNER WE LOVE.

Over timid and brave our flag does wave,
As well as over weak and strong;
The emblem of right against cruel might,
In the battle of right against wrong.

This flag floating high, outlined in the sky,
That is seen both far and near;
Floating above, filling our hearts with love,
As daily it grows more dear.

That it quiets our fear we gladly give cheers,
For the Star Spangled Banner so bright;
Oh, long may it wave tho' we lie in the grave,
This emblem of freedom's brave fight.

The Red, White and Blue protects me and you,
In the freedom we all now enjoy;
Then bravely defend tho' deathward it send,
Every able-bodied man and boy.

This banner we love waving peacefully above
This land so happy and free;
Now its stripes and its stars no internal strife mars,
May it last thus through eternity.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.



Our banner so bright for which we fight,
That the world may surely know
That the freedom we hold will never be sold—
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner we show.

As aloft it does spread we think of the dead,
Who fought so well that we
In security sleep while the wind does sweep
The flag of a land that is free.

We think of the years bathed in blood and tears,
When our forefathers fought the good fight,
To leave us a land free on every hand,
And a flag so glorious and bright.

Let our banner so fair swing out in the air,
A warning to friend or foe,
That we will fight for what is right,
Tho' our blood like water flow.

So let the flag wave over timid and brave,
This Star Spangled Banner so true;
To the world freely show wherever you go,
How you love the Red, White and Blue.

THE TIDE.

We watch the ever-flowing tide,
As it passes to and fro ;
We wonder how far in this world wide,
This mass of water will go.

At times it moves so calm, so smooth,
We forget it is passing by ;
It seems just fitted our minds to soothe,
That it really makes us sigh.

And then again, 'twill surge and roar,
As though with anger filled ;
And beat and crash upon the shore,
By naught can it be stilled.

With an unknown force it rushes on,
From where, no one can tell ;
Though far in the distance the waves have gone,
More come with each rising swell.

Flow on, flow on, thou rushing tide,
Thou can not quiescent remain ;
E'en thou circle the world so wide,
Thou must return again.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

THE WISE MAN AND THE FOOL.

A wise man and a fool one day,
Met on common ground;
Each tried the other's opinion to sway,
Yet their words were mostly sound.

The wise man told of his learning great,
Of his knowledge, of present and past;
Of the beautiful earth, and how it was made,
And just how long it would last.

The age of the earth, the descent of man,
How the species did originate;
About animal life, and vegetable too,
Oh yes, his learning was great.

Then, questioned the fool, since you know all,
Of the how, the why, or the when;
Which came first, to this good old earth,
The hen's egg, or the hen?

On common ground they both had met,
The wise man and his foolish brother;
Though he knew much, the other but little, of this,
One knew as much as the other.

DESIGN OR ACCIDENT.

By a decree of fate, a child was born
In the lowest walks of life;
The father was coarse, and by passion torn,
And, so, alas, was his wife.

Thus was born to the world a female child,
In the midst of poverty was she brought;
Being unwelcome, she grew up wild,
For not an earthly thing was she taught.

So born in poverty, raised in the slum,
In contact with crime and vice;
Often her parents were worse for rum,
Yet everyone said, she was nice.

In her case, heredity left no taint,
Environment left no stain;
And all who knew her, called her a Saint,
For her kindness in sorrow and pain.

Whether kindly or blindly nature's work was performed,
No one can, or ever will know;
Of one thing we're sure, all traditions were stormed,
And fact is tradition's great foe.

TEMPTATION.

The temptations of man are many,
And are placed in various ways;
He tries in vain to escape them,
Unto the ending of his days.

Centering all his love on money,
Causes many a man to fall;
In his mad desire to get more,
He slips, and loses all.

The great desire for power,
Is the temptation some can't resist;
Though the price, his very honor,
In the race he will persist.

But woman is the great temptation,
Resist her, no man can;
Stripped by her of all he possessed,
What she leaves is barely the man.

So against the tempters be on guard,
Whether woman, power or pelf;
And you will have the respect of everyone,
Yes, even the respect of yourself.

MAN.

Man is but man, he can't be more,
He is very often less;
His line of life we little know,
At most 'tis but a guess.

His thoughts may be so pure and high,
As to reach where angels dwell,
And yet may be so mean and low,
As to fit the depths of hell.

His acts may be so thoughtfully kind,
That for a saint he is fit,
And then may be so cruelly mean,
To deserve the bottomless pit.

His life may be so clean and bright,
As glorious as the sun;
And then may be as black as night,
That all his company shun.

His death may be so smooth and calm,
That to Heaven he'd gone to dwell;
And then may be so fierce and hard,
That we feel he has gone to Hell.

THE MASTER'S WORK.

Beware, beware, 'tis sacred soil,
That thy presence does defile;
Hast no regard for the Master's toil?
How canst thou be so vile?

Canst thou not see the glorious morn,
Bright with the rising sun?
The grandest sight to man since born,
'Tis the Master's work well done.

Hast thou not seen the bright full moon,
With the stars as companions at night?
That thou has witnessed is indeed a boon,
Give thanks, 'tis the Master's right.

That thou hast lived on this grand earth,
With its mountains, forests and streams,
Of the numberless creatures that daily have birth,
Of the Master's greatness none dreams.

Thou shouldst praise give that thou dost live,
With the power God's work to behold;
How glorious 'twould be could we live to see,
The wonders of the future unfold?

THE MIND ETERNAL.

There is a feeling within me,
I cannot understand,
I have thoughts and emotions,
That seem second-hand ;
Faint recollections,
Somewhat hazy and torn,
Of things that must have happened,
Before I was born.

As I sit in the evening,
Looking into the fire,
Trying to solve this problem,
I get deeper in the mire.
Yet I can't help the feeling,
That over me does steal,
That the previous life to this,
Was just as real.

Our form being only matter,
Under continual change,
An abiding place for the mind,
That through all time doth range ;
The mind being eternal,
And everywhere in space,
Must be continually changing,
Its abiding place.

This is the solution,
I feel compelled to make,
That accounts for my dreaming,
When I am awake,

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Of the strange events and places,
Joys, sorrows and strife,
That I know I never experienced,
In this term of life.

Let not your thoughts be evil,
As they forever live,
And in the next abiding place,
Much sorrow will they give;
So let your thoughts be holy,
The loving joyful kind,
And the next abiding place,
Will profit by your mind.

Noble deeds in the course of time,
Become a thing of the past,
But a noble thought that is expressed,
It will forever last;
So when your thoughts are good and pure,
Don't lock them in your brain,
But spread them abroad, all time they'll endure,
They will not be written in vain.



MY EXPERIENCE.

One Sunday morn I took a stroll,
To ease a troubled mind;
A victim of base ingratitude;
My thoughts were far from kind.

As I strolled along the country lane,
My thoughts more calmly grew;
My mind distracted by a tolling bell,
As a church came into view.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Hoping to hear words of love and joy,
I slowly walked in the door;
Taking a seat in the rear of the church,
Looking guilty like on the floor.

The speaker was young, with a voice as clear
As the now silent bell;
As sharp as a knife, it a mile you could hear,
As he said, "you all are going to hell."

The listeners all trembled as he spoke,
His message was verbal fire;
Their destination, a burning pit,
His mildest term was liar.

I slowly rose, and left the church,
The speaker continued to yell;
The last of his words, that I faintly heard,
Were, "you all are going to hell."

Had he only talked of forgiveness and love,
He'd have eased my troubled mind;
Instead of food, I was given a stone,
And I thought it very unkind.

Why don't the speakers the example set,
Be refined, gentle and kind;
Knowledge of the future they never will get,
'Tis the blind leading the blind.

GOD OF LOVE.

Can it be possible that what is taught is true?
That there is reward and punishment for both I and
you;
That our most trifling acts, in ignorance committed,
Causing eternal punishment, is by the God permitted!

Can this be true? Can man so meanly think of
Immortal God?
That after a life of torture here, and we're laid beneath
the sod,
For the acts of these few moments passed, an eternity
we'll live?
And in the bitter torment plead, that God will not
forgive.

Is there a parent on this earth, that would so cruel be,
Unto the offspring of his love, that he could with
pleasure see
Their agony and sorrow, for deeds in ignorance done,
Could mortal man so cruel be to his only begotten son!

Of what the creature would not do, should the Creator
be accused,
For all the blessings that he gives, how meanly he's
abused.
Oh, I can't believe this story about the God above,
I'm opposed to all their teachings, I believe in a God
of Love.

FALSE DOCTRINES.

By the many we're told of the good that's wrought,
By the doctrines that are preached ;
How, by numbers, salvation is sought,
By this path the Heaven is reached.

For two thousand years, this doctrine's been taught,
That another for us has suffered ;
That a God-like one our immunity brought
By just giving his life for the herd.

What an awful doctrine, this to teach,
It appalls me when I think,
That, so I a place of safety shall reach,
Another goes over life's brink.

And then to prate of a higher ideal,
And put it above our reach ;
For our faults another pain and suffering must feel,
What a mean, selfish doctrine to teach !

This is a story that's repulsive to me,
Its selfishness is so plain,
That we, happy and in pleasure, can see,
Another for us suffer pain.

This cowardly doctrine I can't help reject
As an insult to the Power Divine ;
In correcting man's nature, you can't help detect
His faults, when you hewed to the line.

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

That an intelligent mind can this doctrine accept,
I really can't understand;
Though many there are yet in ignorance kept
By those that this doctrine command.

Then why not honestly teach unto all
That their faults they must in suffering pay,
To those whom they injure for forgivness must call,
That they be kind, and just, alway.



LIFE'S COMBAT.

Why do we continue the combat,
When we know the end is defeat?
And our chance to win is lost, that
Much might be gained by retreat.

When at every stage we weaker grow,
And no longer can hold the pace,
Oh, why do we continue to struggle so,
Till at last we are out of the race?

In this battle of life that seems all strife,
With scarcely a moment of rest,
We hope the fight will be won by right,
And our efforts at last be blest.

Yet we still are contending, tho' the battle is ending,
And the day of defeat draws near;
The past and the present with the future is blending,
As we part with all we hold dear.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

NATURE'S WORK.

Man is but the thing that nature made,
He is neither more nor less;
But often is of a very low grade—
To account for is merely to guess.

Nature gave unto man his various gifts,
No two alike were given;
A few go fast but most of them drift,
Till at last asunder they are riven.

As the leaves of the trees no two are the same,
Tho' countless their numbers have grown,
Each fills its part in the natural game,
That is guessed but never is known.

Some men are bright and receive great praise
For the wonderful things they do;
'Tis the result of Nature's wonder-working ways,
And are given to only a few.

And others seem dull, their portion is censure,
That is not deserving at all;
To the limit of their gift they meekly venture,
They have answered to the full their call.

Why some are good and others are bad,
Why some are bright and others are dull,
Why some are gay and others are sad,
Why some love the storm and others its lull?

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Because Nature gave each its portion in life,
Whether animal, human or plant;
They fulfill their part in peace or strife,
To the utmost of Nature's grant.

So those that have made a failure of life,
No matter how, when or where,
Whether in peace or whether in strife,
They have used to the limit their share.

Then censure them not ye forward ones,
As all cannot leaders be;
Some are parents, others daughters and sons,
Variety we everywhere see.

And those that have reached the height of fame,
Why to them should praise be given?
They have only performed their part in the game—
They knew not why they had striven.

Animated matter performs much work,
On earth, on land or sea;
By Nature compelled it cannot shirk,
Through all eternity.

Tho' there be no limit to the bounds of peace,
Nor knowledge of what it contains,
Its contents work in endless race—
Not a thing quiescent remains.

The lordly oak through no will of its own,
Reaches upward toward the sky;
Withstanding the fiercest gales that are blown,
Yet by Nature 'tis foredoomed to die.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

And the modest violet scarce leaves the ground,
Tho' it longingly looks to the sky,
Scarce seeing the sun as the earth goes 'round,
In shadow foredoomed to lie.

From the tender violet you would not expect
The oak tree's strength or size;
Each must perform, they cannot reject,
The gifts of Nature so wise.

In the eternal plan that lasts all time,
With past, present and future blending,
What's beyond our ken may be sublime,
As Nature's works are unending.

LOVE IS GOD.

The power of love is really supreme,
For God is love and love is God;
All other powers simply dream,
Until they feel the chastening rod.

As love is absorbed by living things,
In quantity scant or great,
Their portion of God it to them brings,
Thus good or evil their fate.

While the soul of some with love is filled,
That with God they are close akin;
In the soul of others love's throb is stilled,
And their doom is eternal sin.

Our nearness to God by love is measured,
By the portion we each contain;
So what you possess should be greatly treasured,
That your portion of God you retain.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

RETURN TO GOD.

Oh mind eternal, of God a part,
With man abide, where e'er thou art;
Thy habitation let his form be,
And fit him for eternity.

As through the endless change we glide,
With good and evil, side by side;
Assist the good, the evil restrain,
Help man his innocence retain.

If so it be, man must advance,
Let it not be through paths of chance;
Through the wilderness of doubt, Oh kindly guide,
'Till he clearly sees what else betide.

And when this earth term he has passed,
With no remembrance of the last,
And he peacefully lies beneath the sod,
Thou art released, return to God!



MAN'S LIMIT.

Of the billions there be, 'tis few that we see,
As this compelled life we live;
The object of our life, with its unending strife,
Will any the true answer give?

The mystery of the past, as a mystery will last,
For none can the tangle unravel;
The remains that we find, makes us more blind,
As to solve it, we everywhere travel.

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

We that live now, do most foolishly vow,
To eventually the skein to unwind;
We begin at the middle to unwind this riddle,
And we prate of the power of mind.

To have events blend, beginning at an end,
Might produce an harmonious whole;
Though great be our mind, 'tis an end we must find,
Before commencing the march to the goal.

In vain do we look, in our most ancient book,
For the point where this life and death trail
Did first begin. What a grievous sin!
The greatest of our efforts must fail.

In vain do we weep, in a circle we creep,
Whether backward or forward we go;
The clew that we found was soon run to ground,
'Tis the limit of what man can know.



WHY SHOULD WE FEAR?

Why should we fear the change called death?
That comes to all that live.
The new field entered with our last breath
May to all much pleasure give.

Why should we fear what we know must be?
And is the fate of each and all;
And everything that we feel or see,
Not a thing escapes the call.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Why should we fear at this term's end?
As our earth-term numbers are unknown;
As the past, so the future must we wearily wend,
'Till the brain to its limit has grown.

Why should we fear this journey to take?
Our former ones have left no sorrows;
If we only knew, we might gladly forsake
The present for the future tomorrows.

Why should we fear the future state?
Which we know is line of progression;
Life's tendency is to better its fate,
And it needs no intercession.

Then calmly await kind nature's call,
Let your mind drive out all thought
Of a difficult climb, or a terrible fall,
By the "Master's" love, all is caught.



TO THE MIND HEALER.

There is a lot of stuff written about the mind,
Of its power to ruin or rule;
If properly used, good health we will find,
Even the passion of love it will cool.

By the mind we can banish sorrow and pain;
By its use we soon obtain wealth.
If disease o'ertake us, 'tis the mind again
That brings to us good health.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Success in life depends on your mind,
 'Tis all under your control;
In this new thought movement, be not behind,
 If you wish to reach the goal.

'Tis said disease is the mind's reflection,
 We can will to be well or ill;
And our place in life, by our own election,
 We high or low station fill.

But what about life that has no mind,
 For its chance to exist must fight;
In the scramble for food, some are even blind,
 Yet succeed without mind or sight.

Is it the mind that governs the plant's disease,
 By which they wither and die;
As they bow and bend to every breeze,
 They have neither mind nor eye.

Disease is but the battle of life,
 As for existence we all do fight;
Reproduction is the cause of all strife,
 Eternal succession wins by right.

WHAT IS DEATH?

What is death? Will it ever be known
Why this awful change must be,
That just as we have to maturity grown,
Our soul from us doth flee?

What is death? will there be a time
That its terrors none will fear,
When life will be one long sweet rhyme,
And all to each others be dear?

What is death, that cuts the thread
That binds one heart to another?
As we look upon a dear one dead,
Our grief is heard to smother.

What is death? how we dread the name,
The why who can explain?
And none escapes kind Nature's game,
If they could who would remain?

What is death? 'tis but the change,
That is needed to make us fit
To fill our place as we onward range,
To be a part of the Eternal It.

NATURE'S LAW.

Examine the leaves of the forest tree,
See the difference in shape and size;
The difference in branches you plainly see,
All compelled by Nature so wise.

Examine the forms of life under ground,
From largest to smallest size;
Quite a number of these will be found,
That Nature wisely gave no eyes.

And then what a difference we find in the sea,
In size, in shape and beauty;
In the boundless deep they seem very free,
Yet Nature compells their duty.

And the birds in the air that swiftly fly,
They seem so happy and free;
If they work not for food they quickly die,
How obedient to Nature they be.

And the elements we observe in battle array,
That go flashing and thundering by,
With the darkness of night overshadowing the day,
Yet Nature they cannot defy.

And the elements of earth that strangely combine,
And explode with terrible effect,
With power unknown that we cannot define,
Nature's law they cannot reject.

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

Then prate not of equality of man,
That what one does another should do;
The difference in gifts is greater than
Those that Nature gave you.

Those that accomplish more than the rest,
That to us does wonderful seem;
They only obey kind Nature's behest,
Likewise do those that dream.

Some things work with mouth, others with feet,
Yet others with hand or brain;
Some are slow while others are fleet,
Of which does Nature complain?

Some wander about from place to place,
In one spot never long remain;
And so continue in increasing race,
'Tis Nature's Law again.

While others never move from the identical spot
Where life for them began,
And there they stay till they die and rot,
Compelled by Nature's plan.

What may seem a failure to others,
May seem a success to you;
There's a wonderful difference in sisters and brothers,
Caused by Nature's point of view.

The Natural Law we're compelled to obey
As long as we draw breath;
It remains unchanged, tho' a lifetime we pray,
In birth, in life, in death.

THE MAN OF GOD.

Matter in form and life combined,
With the joys and sorrows of the mind,
Into this mass, forming one grand whole,
God had placed a living soul.
Thus was formed from the dust of the sod,
His noblest work, the man of God.

The man thus formed, great power assumed,
To be dominated by him, all creatures were doomed,
No pleasure allowed, no laughter or song,
To be happy or gay, was entirely wrong.
He forgot that he rose from the dust of the sod,
This noblest of creatures, this man of God.

As the years passed by, he began to teach,
Our pathway to Heaven through him we must reach ;
A limit to his greatness there seemed to be none,
His breath suddenly ceases, his greatness is gone.
He returns whence he comes, this man of God,
Back to his elements, the dust of the sod.

THE GOD OF MAN.

Away off in space, he don't know where,
The God made by man, is by man placed there.
From the spot in the distance, he his creatures over-
looks,
Dispenses all his mercies, so we read in the books.
His love is very great, know it, no one can,
It is no greater than his maker, this God made by man.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

From this far-off place, away up in the sky,
His being at such a distance, we don't know why.
He punishes us only as a great power can,
Yet this power is gauged by the brain of the man.
The man that he made from the dust of the sod,
No greater than his maker, this man-made God.

Another of his qualities, 'tis our sins to forgive,
For it's just as natural to sin as to live;
If his justice, love and power are as great as we are
taught,
He surely can arrange it, that by sin we are not caught.
But all his qualities are no greater than
The man that made him, this God made by man.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is life worth living, with all its sorrows?
Why do we cling so to all its tomorrows?
As the days stretch into weeks, months and years,
The few pleasures that we have are drowned in tears.

Then why, like a drowning one, who grasps at a rope,
Do we long for the morrow and its promised hope?
That some great mystery, so long unexplained,
Will be made clear to us, and great knowledge gained.

Thus do we drag along, day after day,
Hoping that the mystery will be cleared away;
That the veil will be rent asunder, and the how and
why
Will be made clear to us as a Summer sky.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

It is just these delusive hopes, that our courage keeps,
Until the brain is weary, and through it creeps
The knowledge that 'tis useless, no one can unfold,
The mystery of life and death that comes to young and
old.

TO KILL.

Of all the creatures that were made,
And as old tradition ran,
The very noblest of them all,
Is the noble animal, man.
And he claims dominion over all,
Below and above the sod.
In fact, he claims he really is
The noblest work of God.

Yet this same creature has his faults,
For perfection he is not.
With all his knowledge, and his power,
He can't evade his lot.
If he ever lived before this life,
No evidence can he show.
Will he live again, after this is done,
He really does not know.

Of the destruction of his fellow-man,
He uses all inventive skill.
If bird or beast come near enough,
He quickly tries to kill.
For what good purpose are we here,
Why this power of knowledge and will;
Why can't we resist the strong desire
To Kill, to Kill, to Kill?

LIFE.

What is the object? Why are we here?
Will some one know? Will it be made clear
Why some journeys are short, and others are long,
Some full of sorrow, and others full of song?

From birth to maturity, maturity to death,
Some have pain and sorrow with every breath;
And pleasures to others, with every wind blown,
Reaping the harvest that others have sown.

With some, this life is one continuous toil,
And friction so very great, the blood seems to boil;
While for others 'tis naught but pleasure and play,
Continuous happiness, by night and by day.

Not only the animal that has sorrow and pain,
And continually struggles, merely food to obtain.
Does not the plant suffer pain, as we heedlessly walk,
Crushing its branches, and also the stalk?

Life seems to be to me, one continuous fight,
To keep one another from what is their right.
This eternal succession, "life" followed by death,
'Tis seemingly worthless, a wasting of breath.

SAINT AND SINNER.

Oh, list to the words of the model man,
As he leads the prayers in church;
To prevent a tramp enter he to the door ran,
As a tramp came in with a lurch.

Said the model man to the tipsy one:
Don't you know that you do wrong,
To thus come in to the house of "God's Son,"
Whose praise we render in song.

Therefore hasten out, you drunken lout,
The Lord's house you disgrace;
Don't ever come here when filled with beer,
In shame you should hide your face.

The tramp was sore as he staggered to the door;
From his lips these words fell:
In the days of yore they tried much more
To save a soul from hell.

For I longed to hear kind words of cheer,
To be led from the path I trod;
But they shrink in fear at the smell of beer—
Drive me out of the House of God.

I hope and pray on the judgment day,
When the Lord will be the judge,
That he won't say nay when I ask to stay,
Forgiveness He will not grudge.

THOUGHTS IN SPRING.

As I sat at my window this early spring morn,
As the sun in arising the leaves did adorn ;'
I watched and listened the birds as they sang,
When a thought came over me that gave me a pang.

The birds in numbers fluttered swiftly around
In search of the food that seemed to abound ;
And after each morsel how sweetly they'd trill,
Yet getting this morsel meant birds also kill.

As I sat watching, a hawk swiftly flew
Right past my window, a sight that was new,
For it pounced on a bird that sat on a tree—
What a feeling of horror it gave unto me.

For it tore it asunder, then fiercely did eat,
The bird that was singing was now simply meat ;
For the power that gave to the hawk its life,
Designed that its food must be gitten by strife.

Oh, I cannot help thinking the power whose mind
To ensure reproduction so cruelly designed ;
For each living thing whose life does mature,
Thousands must die, also torture endure.

Yet this power supreme could easily arrange,
That life be prolonged by methods not strange ;
That the food that is needed the life blood distill,
Could be without feeling, why torture and kill ?

LAW.

Arise and look upon this glorious morn,
That the sun in splendor does adorn;
The water, earth, leaves and sod,
Proclaim the one great power, God.

That is supreme that life creates,
Through eternity no law abates;
And everything that was or be,
Must with eternal law agree.

When some poor mortal of the land
Meets what they do not understand,
With their weak minds they try define,
In biased ways the laws Divine.

With human laws man now is bound,
Ever conflicting they are found;
The makers quickly apply the rod,
Claiming their laws are of God.

And yet these laws, some old, some new,
Depend on a mortal's point of view;
What pleases one will another displease,
Rarely finding one with another agrees.

Nature's laws tend toward a happy life,
Human laws provoking eternal strife;
What a pity that this must be,
That God's and man's laws don't agree.

WHY PRAISE OR CENSURE?

This morning's sky looks cold and gray,

The world to me seems drear;
For soon dread winter in cold array,
Of snow and ice will appear.

Oh why should we have this dreaded gloom,

Why cannot it always be bright,
With beautiful flowers always to bloom,
And the moon shine all through the night?

That life should be filled with bitterness and woe
And sorrow on every hand.

Our troubles and trials really seem to grow,
Why 'tis so I can't understand.

And the pleasures of life are indeed very few,

And daily they seem to grow less;
As we drink the dregs of life's bitter brew,
We're inclined more to curse than bless.

We cannot select the brain that we hold,

Nor restrain the unbidden thought;
Then why be punished when these thoughts we have told,
That unbidden our brain to us brought.

As the Power Supreme is the origin of all

The thoughts and deeds of this life,
Why praise or censure our rise or fall?
Man cannot originate strife.

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

FAILING MEMORY.

Oh, the pleasures and pains of the past soon fade,
No matter how great they were;
They soon grow dim, though of the brightest shade,
To the memory 'tis naught but a blurr.

And the friends that we knew, we've forgotten them too,
Though some we loved most dear;
Together we grew, and the same pleasures knew,
The remembrance no longer is clear.

Oft' we try to remember something done long ago.
Whether good or bad, 'tis in vain;
The effort leaves but a trail of sorrow and woe.
Oh, could we be young once again.

Thus nature prepares us for our passing hence.
So dulling the sharpness of dread,
Of the fact of our going, the why or the whence,
Or the fate in store for the dead.

BIRTH TO DEATH.

Birth—

Thrown into this world in a wave of pain,
In the midst of the human tide.
Utterly helpless, its food to obtain,
Or a place where it may abide.

Youth—

With all thought centered on pleasure and play,
How the years do swiftly pass;
The best years of its life quickly passing away,
With the nearing troubles, alas.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Love—

Compelled by nature a mate to seek,
With a force they don't understand;
They answer the call, whether strong or weak,
For they cannot resist the command.

Death—

After all their years of love and strife,
That reach from beginning to end;
Whether a good and true, or a useless life,
To the grave they must wearily wend.

WHEN.

When from chaos did the first atom emerge?
When dit it with the second combine?
When did the water first roll and surge?
When was the Sun's first shine?

When did life's first forms appear?
When did they first draw breath?
When was their first sensation of fear?
When was the Earth's first death?

When was the first attempt at speech?
When was the first bitter fight?
When did they try each other to teach?
When began the rule of the night?

When did hate its first victim find?
When did love first glow?
When did religion first appeal to the mind?
When we all this know?

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

FOREKNOWN.

Before the worlds in space were cast,
Before even time's beginning,
When space was empty, tho' so vast,
Was then foreknown or sinning?

When the universe was flaming gas,
And the world but a filmy spot,
A hint of what would come to pass,
Was then foreknown our lot?

When matter in form was slowly evolved
From the surrounding gaseous flame,
And the Infinite on creation resolved,
Was then foreknown our shame?

When after ages of misery here,
Where helpless we've been thrown,
Then cruelly torn from all held dear,
Was this hell on earth foreknown?

WHAT.

In the morning of life, when all is bright,
And the fullness of pleasure your lot,
And freedom from trouble seems yours by right,
And trouble arrives, *then what?*

When the fires of love begin to burn,
And your heart grows cold then hot,
For the right to possess you fiercely yearn,
And she loves another, *then what?*

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

When the trials of business come your way,
Your so-called friends trust you not,
The little you owe demand instant pay,
And you have'nt the cash, *then what?*

When the journey of life to its nearing end
Moves close to the burying spot,
Tho' you pray for help, none will it send,
And you miserably die, *then what?*



ETERNITY.

Eternity, what an awful word,
How can we its meaning grasp?
So different from all we ever heard,
The very thought makes me grasp.

Was there ever a time when time was not,
When matter was quite unknown?
What was it then so melting hot,
That eventually as matter has grown?

Eternity, how it makes my heart thrill
When to grasp its meaning I try;
'Tis beyond power of reason and will,
As for knowledge quite vainly I cry.

Will there ever be a time when time will cease,
Also, everything that is or will be?
Of all the universe not even a piece,
Of what use then is all that we see?

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

IN THE BEGINNING OF TIME.

In the beginning of time. How can we conceive
Of a time when time was not?

That there was a beginning, how can we believe
Of the suns so bright and hot?

How can we think that the limitless space
Did once not a thing contain,
With not even dust; in endless race
It must ever as space remain.

There never was a time when time was not
Any more than a time without space,
Nor yet a time when matter so hot
Did not revolve and race.

In the beginning of time, means the time of man,
Tho' life is as old as space;
And in various forms it everywhere ran,
Till evolving the human race,

When we read or hear said, in the begining of time,
We know not how far back to go;
'Tis just the echo of a thought sublime,
But not of a fact that we know.

In the beginning of time, 'twas a brilliant thought
Of a mind beyond its age.
Thus the unknown distance it closer brought,
That we view past life's dark page.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

In the beginning of time, when man knew naught,
How could he a record keep?
Barely sustaining life by food crudely caught,
Through fear oft loosing their sleep.

Thus ages elapsed after the beginning of time,
Ere man could his fellowman tell,
Of his sorrow or pain, or a though sublime,
Of a future heaven or hell.

In the beginning of time, when we think of the years
Long passed since that great event,
The numbers that suffered the many bitter tears,
And the loved once deathward sent.

This cry of the beginning we had better cast out,
And cling to the present, the now;
Try to make the world know, tho' you have to shout,
To better the present all should vow.

In the beginning of time! Oh, who does know
What these words really mean;
How many have pondered as through life they go,
Tho' their brain be ever so keen?

In the beginning of time, when man was evolved
From a lower form of life,
Accidental birth many problems solved
In that age of bitter strife.

In the beginning of time, so the story goes,
We were bound by various rules,
To punish the bad, give the good added woes,
'Tis believed by children and fools.

THE LAND OF NOD.

Did you ever read the Bible tale,
About a far-off land called Nod,
Whose people dwelt on hill and vale,
Yet they were not made by God?

Long before old Adam and Eve
Were made from the dust of the sod,
These people dwelt, we must believe,
When we read the word of God.

It seems that God must not have known
Of people living in the land of Nod,
When Adam and Eve he made from dust fresh blown
From the Garden of Eden's sod.

When God showed preference for Abel's meat,
Refusing Cain's first fruits so grand,
Causing Cain his brother to murderously greet,
And his banishment to Nod's fair land.

If Adam and Eve were the only pair
Created by the Immortal God,
Who created the maid Cain found so fair,
That dwelt in the land of Nod?

Now the people that dwelt in the land of Nod,
By some God had been created,
Before the time when the Bible's God,
Adam and Eve in the Garden mated.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Many years did pass, yet Adam and Eve
Increased not; oh, was it not a pity?
While for this failure they both did grieve;
In the land of Nod Cain had built a city.

Can we wonder that God thundered his command,
That other gods they should not adore,
When he saw the increase in Nod's fair land,
Made his first pair increase once more.

Now the increase that came from Cain and wife
Were only a part of God's chosen strain;
In jealous rage he filled the world with strife,
And the sorrowful suffering of pain.

All down the years of the history of time,
The bitter truth, I am sorry to state,
How in every age, and in every clime,
God has left us a legacy of hate.

Oh, had he but left us a heart filled with love
For the good, the beautiful and true,
With evil thoughts as distant as the stars above,
So that no one any evil could do.

But instead of love he gave us hate,
So accursed is all animal life;
Oh, suffering mankind, sad indeed our fate,
Foredoomed to eternal strife.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

THE ASSASSINATION.

Judges iv: 21st.

"Sisera's" army forward marched the Jewish host to meet,

His chariot steeds their strong necks arched, he dreamed not of defeat;

He led his chariots onward, 'twas said nine hundred strong,

He was eager for the battle, which he thought would not last long.

'Twas "Borak" led the Jewish host, also eager for the fray,

The battle to win, whatever the cost, for to many 'twas their last day;

The battle raged, the Jews hard pressed "Sisera's" host that day,

Forseeing defeat, he was much distressed, so "Sisera" ran away.

Fear and sorrow at his defeat gave him unusual speed,
He longed to find a safe retreat in this, his hour of need;
Then he saw the tent of "Heber," in the door stood

"Jael," his wife;

With joy he ran up to her, hoping she would save his life.

Then "Jael," the wife of "Heber," said: "Come thou in to me,

And I will hide thee safely from thy pursuing enemy."

He asked for water, he thirsted so, 'twas milk she gave instead,

Said to sleep in safety he might go, and her cloak threw over his head.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Then quickly got a tent peg, and a heavy hammer too,
And softly crept behind him, intending a cruel deed to
do;

She placed the peg point at his head, then struck it an
awful blow;

“Sisera” rolled on the ground quite dead as the peg
through his head did go.

When “Jael” saw “Sisera” fall, to the door she quickly
ran,

To “Borak” then did loudly call, “In here you will find
your man.”

For this cruel assassination “Jael’s” praise was sung
by all,

Received naught but commendation, how low does man-
kind fall.

We are also told how “God” above did this mean crime
condone;

By every law of right and love, for this crime “Jael”
should atone.

That “God” should have a favored few, I cannot well
believe,

Being just to me, but not to you, how can he thus de-
cieve.

How low a plane their “God” they place, yet bid us look
up high,

With “God” they oft talked face to face, to us they tell
this lie.

Of all the crimes and criminals by which this world’s
accursed,

I think all will agree with me the “Assassin” is the worst.

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

ATOMS.

In the system of natural economy,
That's outlined in the eternal plan,
Each atom has its use in life's anatomy,
Tho' its ultimate end seems man.

Each atom is a part of the complex whole,
With each other they must agree,
Whether a part of brute or intelligent soul,
Or a part of a forest tree.

It is not a question of weight or size,
'Tis merely a question of fact,
One atom over another nature cannot prize,
All are needed in the creative act.

The atom must progress by nature's plan,
Seemingly battling in eternal strife;
Man's part is no more important than
The tiniest atom of life.



LIFE'S EVOLUTION.

Thousands of millions of years ago,
Before matter and life combined,
An atom of spirit wandered to and fro,
The proper portion of matter to find.

As the ancient seas, by the howling wind
That fiercely over it stormed,
Its salty elements somehow combined,
And the first "protoplasm" was formed.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Now the atom of spirit, as it vain sought
Matter in proper condition to find,
By the "protoplasm" was greedily caught,
Thus matter and spirit combined.

Thus endowed with life, and the elements held
In the briny waters of the sea,
It gradually grew, and so largely swelled,
It burst into a large family.

As age upon age over this jelly fish passed,
Many old conditions were changed,
Yet it lived and thrived, until at last,
The "protoplasm" everywhere ranged.

Now as different portions of this old earth
Had heat or cold to absorb,
Caused by the inclination given at its birth
To the rays of the central orb.

Also, different conditions are engendered by heat,
From those induced by cold,
And the "protoplasm" did advance on retreat,
As the different conditions did unfold.

So this battle of life, so lowly begun,
That to exist now some had to fight,
As backward and forward floated this living scum,
Till a leader evolved by might.

Age upon age over another had passed,
Still buffeted by wave and stone,
More fiercely battling until at last,
Conditions evolved a bone.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Thus changing conditions produced change in form,
Continuing from age to age;
Some to plant or fish or to lowly worm,
Or to beast to howl and rage.

Thus through the millions of years that are past,
Needed to fulfill evolution's demand,
Created by surroundings, man at last
Above the plant and animals stand.

As conditions of the past evolved man of today,
'Tis impossible to truly foretell
His place in the Universe, on Earth to stay,
Or on some other planet to dwell.

SICKNESS.

Oh, the spirit of mortal can't help being sad,
With its burden of sorrow and woe,
And troubles sufficient to drive one mad,
As over life's journey we go.

Why with sickness should life be accursed,
Whether animal, plant or man?
For the maturing of either so tenderly nursed,
As through the gauntlet of sickness they ran.

What purpose is served by sickness and pain,
And the worries and trials of life;
In the short time of life, what does it gain
By constant contention in strife?

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

'Tis hard to keep any one happy or glad,
As on a bed of sickness they lie;
How can they help feeling downcast and sad,
When their friends come and bid them good-bye?

If our sorrow and suffering for something did pay,
That in the end would be worth while,
We would not complain, in fact we'd be gay,
And our portion accept with a smile.

With sickness in our home, having more than our share,
So few are the days we are well,
Our heavenly hopes to barter we'd dare,
For a lifetime of health in hell.



I'LL LIVE.

As I look at my inner self, I really seem to see
The companions of my primal life in the land where we
were free,
Roaming through the forest wild, eager in the chase,
Happy as a primal child, a prehistoric race.

Living to a good old age, then a tragic death,
Ages lapsed till I again breathed an infant's breath.
With each term of life I found quite a change on earth,
Strange conditions did abound with each recurring birth.

At times I seem to dream about companions of the past,
And the shadows of our happiness but a short time they
did last;
I often hear their voices as they echoed over the vale,
And again in fancy wander with a loved one in the dale.

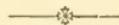
T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

My companions of the present age look at me with fear
When I tell them of my previous life, with its pleasures
dear,

And the gay companions dear to me as life,
They seem to think I'm crazy and pity my poor wife.

All brains are not developed with the sameness of a line,
All cannot think or see alike, some are coarse or fine;
As each one has its limit of what it can absorb or know,
Condemning what they cannot grasp, as coarse or fine
they grow.

The memories of a previous life to me are very plain,
As I look back over the misty past I live them over again,
And to me is proof conclusive that nature alone can give,
That in the eternal future I'll live and live and live.



THE UNKNOWN.

Dark looms the history of the past,
Overshadowing the brain of man;
Of its beginning a mystery so vast,
To unravel we never can.

Age upon age man has tried in vain
To grasp a part of its thread;
Alas, 'tis but failure again and again,
As he strove its dim pathway to tread.

Evidence oft found of a once mighty race,
Crumbling in ruin and decay,
Who also sought knowledge on the Earth's rugged face,
Of a race long before their day.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

As we go back in the history of time,
More dim grows the evidence man left,
Tho' in varying places in every clime,
We find a message in stone that he cleft.

Yet the man of today so ignorantly great,
Presumes to limit this old Earth's age ;
For his silly assertions is honored by the state,
And by many proclaimed a sage.

Few there are that will honestly admit
There are things they do not know,
As they strut and stride as tho' they were *it*,
How brightly their ignorance does glow.



DOUBT.

I try in vain my thoughts to train
Away from the gloomy trail ;
That to doubt does lead, with untold speed,
But my efforts do not avail.

As each new thought by the brain is brought,
It receives the trying test ;
Does it benefit all, the great and small ?
If so, 'tis a welcome guest.

But such thoughts are rare, they're usually unfair,
Mostly bringing their best for the few,
Who already have more than was given before,
Not many for the good and true.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Would that every new thought that by the brain is caught,
Could be held for the common weal,
For all doing good, as our thoughts really should,
So that all contentment might feel.

Can we help that we think of the nearing death's brink,
As injustice we everywhere meet,
Tho' our pathway's not long, yet much that is wrong,
As our portion the most of us greet.

How sad is the tale that many of us fail
To believe in the use of our living,
As the dreary battle of life is but sorrow and strife,
Much thought on this subject we're giving.



USE OF LIVING.

Have you ever sensed in your moments of doubt,
Of the use of your life or living?
As you come in contact with people about,
As a gift it was not worth the giving.

When we see the light of the many new born,
That but a day does glimmer and glow,
Then swiftly from its new surroundings torn,
Back again to the unknown go.

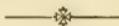
Of what use were those lives to humanity as a whole?
What benefit did the world derive?
Whether human or beast, with or without soul,
Gone so quickly after they arrive.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Why is nature so generous in her living gifts,
Then so quickly demand their return?
A great many of those remaining so helplessly shifts,
That for their end they hopelessly yearn.

These thoughts keep coming, I can't tell why,
I try in vain them to restrain;
To fathom the use of our living, I try,
Yet naught but confusion I gain.

What is the use of life's great waste,
Why the distinction between evil and good?
Why must some battle hard to keep chaste,
Why such a prize is pure womanhood?



THE DOUBTER'S HOPE.

As we look at life with its burden drear,
We oft feel constrained to cry,
Were it not that we are restrained by fear,
That we are ready to die.

Yet another thing restrains us much,
With hope quite fills our heart,
'Tis glorious woman, whose loving touch
Gives courage to bear our part.

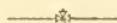
Yes, the one redeeming link that binds,
As with a chain of steel,
Bringing contentment to doubting minds,
As the passion of love they feel.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

No room for doubt within a man's mind,
When with love for woman 'tis filled;
Now the problem's answer he's anxious to find,
Has he also her heart thrilled?

The glory of the human race,
That through all time will shine,
Encouraging man his battles to face,
Is glorious woman, divine.

So let the world be at its worst,
And that evil we everywhere see;
What care I if I am accursed,
So the woman I love loves me.



THOU SHALT NOT.

When down from ancient history,
There rolled the great commands,
That cooled the heat of passion in man so burning hot,
And made him think of others' rights,
Hold back his grasping hands,
The greatest that was given was, Thou Shalt Not.

When filled with longing envy
Of what his neighbor had,
He went forth in the darkness until he reached the spot;
What was it that restrained him,
Tho' filled with thought so bad?
'Twas the old command whispering, Thou Shalt Not.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

When for a real mean action,
Done in a spiteful way,
With heart quite filled with hatred he'd kill as well as not,
What stopped him in his wicked course,
What did his passion sway?
'Twas merely the commandment, Thou Shalt Not.

What checks a man in evil thought,
As well as in evil deed,
For man is full of evil, it seems to be his lot?
What makes him try to better be,
So that he change his creed?
'Tis but the echoing command, Thou Shalt not.



MYSTERY.

My heart is filled with a longing
What in the future is stored to know,
The knowledge is not yet dawning,
Tho' daily our wisdom does grow.

Our life seems naught but mystery,
That baffled the brightest mind,
Searching ancient and modern history,
Not even a hint could they find.

In this search for information
Many curious theories are evolved
Of our birth and transformation,
Yet none have the mystery solved.

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

And so we travel life's pathway
Ending as ignorant as when we began;
I really believe more happiness lay,
In not thinking of Nature's plan.

In our quest for happiness, it seems to me
That those that know the least
The greatest happiness daily see,
While others starve they really feast.

Tho' knowledge really is a power,
'Tis conquered by an aching void;
We give no thought of the cause of a flower,
As its perfume and beauty we enjoyed.



ETERNAL FORCE.

Unknown is the force that compels us to be
A part of the living stream,
Whose source is the elements of the salty sea,
Yet whose end is beyond our dream.

This force irresistible, not a thing can it stay,
As onward, ever onward, it moves;
Whether it be a mountain or a worm in the way,
To obey this strange force it behooves.

Strange things are oft done, none know how or why,
Nor yet can any explain,
Why so many are born, yet as many must die,
And that both are the pathways of pain.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

This unknown force obedience compels,
Whether in water, air or land;
All living things very quickly it tells,
If they fail to obey its command.

So everything continues helpless to resist
This on-rushing force so great,
Through time and eternity it ever will persist,
Nor a portion of its energy abate.

Even I am a part of this eternal force
That is everywhere in the universal space,
Whether of a finer part or a part that's coarse,
Is determined by the stage of the race.

Continuing in cycles that tend to make us fine,
As through birth and death we alternately run,
By the continuing evolution the goal at last is mine,
My proper place at last will be won.



TRADITION'S LORE.

Tho' I care not, there are others that do,
And their hearts are filled with dread,
Of a punishment that from teachings grew,
Till they almost wish they were dead.

And so their hearts are filled with fear
Of what the future has in store,
Not only for them, but all they hold dear,
Yet the power that smites they adore.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Also many there are that naught should know
Of the miseries of sorrow so keen,
As through their lifetime they ignorantly go,
Fearing the power on which they lean.

While some adore, there are others that fear
The power that we call supreme;
The why or wherefore to none is clear,
'Tis to all but a misty dream,

That had its origin in the distant past,
A remnant of tradition's lore,
That sorrow and suffering in the world has cast,
Ah, the tale is written in gore.



THE SPIRIT.

As the spirit leaves the present form
Of matter and life combined,
It returns to its mother element
If at once it does not find
The proper combination
That is needed to make it fit,
In time to become an integral part
Of the Great Immortal It.

Of the substance of the Universe,
That is a mass of matter and life,
Is used as a habitation,
By the spirit in endless strife,

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

In the process of elimination,
As it through endless Earth terms live,
The worthless dropped by the wayside,
And the best to Eternity give.

And thus through endless ages,
Onward the spirit does move,
By its successive changes
Reaches its proper groove;
As it enters the great futurity,
Filled with thoughts sublime,
Fulfilling its predestined mission,
Through the Eternity of Time.



MAN'S GOD.

When man proclaims the qualities
Of the God he does adore,
We know just where to place him,
And just how high he'll soar.

For the greatest power he gives his God,
And he can no greater know,
Is the highest conception of his brain,
Beyond that he can't go.

The great love he ascribes to God,
Can indeed no greater be
Than the limit of his heart's desire,
To be given to you and me.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

And when he states how just God is,
And that he knows its true,
We know at once the lines are drawn,
Just from his point of view.

When man proposes the power of God
To limit, by his brain,
'Tis wasting time listening to him,
No knowledge will we gain.

The power of God man can't define,
Whether he be fool or sage,
This unknown power we call divine,
To fathom in vain we engage.

WHAT CARE I.

What care I for the summer heat,
Nor yet for the winter's cold?
While the heart of the woman I love does beat
For me is wealth untold.

What care I for the storms of life,
Nor yet of their sorrow and woe?
Tho' the woman I love was won by strife,
To perdition for her I'll go.

What care I for the glamor of wealth,
Or the world, with its envy and show?
So I and the woman I love have health,
We'll be happy while here below.

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

What care I for the pleasures of life,
That are more for the thoughtless and gay?
So the woman I love will be my wife,
The world may do as it may.

What care I for the life after death?
What I want is happiness here.
That the woman I love until her last breath,
Will tell me to her I am dear.



ATONEMENT.

Why is it that man is overshadowed by fear
When he tries to grasp the unknown?
And the darkness of ignorance he fails to clear,
Tho' wiser he daily has grown.

The teachings of childhood are hard to efface,
As well as hereditary taint;
All through him his forefathers' faults we can trace,
Investigation is stilled by its restraint.

All through the history of a deluded past
Godlike men have lived and died,
All hallowed by time, their virtues at last
Place them co-equal by God's right side.

In every age and in every clime
This fallacy has been believed,
That somewhere back in the history of time
Some man as a God was received.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Whose birth violated all nature's laws,
Yet suffered sorrow and pain at death,
By man was destroyed without just cause,
For whom he prayed with his last breath.

And his death the world's sins washed away—
This was always the doctrine taught,
At the judgment seat he holds full sway;
Oh, the mystery that man has wrought.

These tales are as old as the history of man,
Man's qualities they give to their God;
In abject fear adore what is no greater than
The veriest dust of the sod.

There are men today as good and just
As ever lived on this old Earth,
Bearing the burden of others with scarcely a crust,
Suffering sorrow and pain from their birth.

Could we but live a thousand years hence,
Surprised indeed we surely would be,
Held up as a God one whom we thought dense,
As a Saviour of humanity.

This doctrine of a Saviour is debasing to man,
That another for his faults atone;
The standard should be placed on a higher plan,
All men should suffer for their own.

THE UNBIDDEN THOUGHT.

How we dread the oncoming dissolution
That's approaching with never a halt,
Tho' we are taught 'tis a stage of evolution,
And not because of any fault.

As the days come and go, they get dreary,
We get somewhat resigned to our fate,
And many are the times we are weary,
And long for the great ending date.

Yet again, there are days that are brighter,
With the joy and happiness they bring,
And our hearts with hope grow brighter,
For a merry long life we sing.

Thus our hopes will bound, and rebounding,
As the waves of an ocean's swell;
Our fears are our hopes surrounding,
Can we the unbidden thoughts fortell?

For the thought oft comes unbidden,
With its burden of sorrow and woe;
On this question to think is forbidden,
Yet who does its origin know?

DEATHWARD.

On the streets of a city what I saw was a pity,
As the people went swiftly by,
Men quite old, shivering with cold,
With the shadow of death in their eye.

Women plain and fair, in the frosty air,
Were hurrying to and fro,
Some with laughing eye, others read to cry,
As deathward they all do go.

A winsome lass doth quickly pass,
With music in her tripping feet,
Over the pathway of woe she also must go,
And the grave her eternal retreat.

Then a laughing boy, overflowing with joy,
With a hop, a skip, and a run,
With never a care, mind free as air,
Yet deathward his race has begun.

Yes, one and all must answer death's call,
None can the dread answer evade;
Whether young or old, timid or bold,
We return to from what we were made.

REPRODUCTION.

Reproduce your kind, this is Nature's cry,
Reproduce your kind, then lay down and die;
Eternal succession, life, followed by death,
The time that we linger here, 'tis but a breath.

Man often hears the call quite early in life,
Yet scarcely knowing why, he gets himself a wife;
Reproduction then begins, they fulfill their fate,
Some start very early, others very late.

To the maid 'tis issued, often quite late,
The call so mysterious, she don't know her fate;
'Tis the last call of Nature, reproduce your kind—
To obey the call, she don't know why, weds any man
she'll find.

Thus to every living thing the call is just the same,
Reproduction of your kind seems to be the game;
Some head it with pleasure, others with great fear,
To plant as well as animal the call is very clear.

Then all obey your Nature's call, and fill the world with
life,
And one thing it will surely do, that's fill this world
with strife;
And what does it amount to, evil or good intend,
The question remains unanswered, what is the ultimate end?

MY BELIEF.

Who can say I never lived
Before this life began?
Who can say I will not live,
After this its course has ran?

The fact that I am, is to me
The evidence that is plain;
I lived before I entered this,
At its end I will live again.

I believe that everything that is,
Was forever in the past,
Always was, and will be,
And it will forever last.

Reminding me very much
Of a circle's bend,
Not having a beginning,
How can it have an end?

That there is a power that's supreme,
I surely must believe;
That it's beyond our brightest dream,
Will never make me grieve.

Injury to living things
Is the only sin;
You will have to show the proof
If you want me to give in.

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

Theories are numerous
Of how this world began;
I'm pretty sure the knowledge
Will never come to man.

So what is the use of worrying
About our future life?
Of the previous one there's nothing known,
Of its loves and joys and strife.

I feel quite sure I lived before
This life on earth began;
I'm just as sure I'll live again,
But prove either, no one can.



THE NEIGHBORS SAY.

The neighbors all say I'm an ornery cuss,
But I know a lot of others a darn sight wuss,
Tho' I don't go to meeting and in public pray,
I try to give to others what should go their way.

The neighbors that condemn me, I know very well
Work six days straight for a front seat in hell;
But all day Sunday, that one day in seven,
They're striving hard on their knees for a seat in heaven.

If they see me in the garden on a Sunday morn,
Gathering the flowers that the wind has torn,
They're lots too good to speak to me, my company they
shun,
For I'm straightaway on my journey to the evil one.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

What I say or what I do, they will quickly condemn,
Because I think for myself instead of letting them;
In question of religion their views are surely right,
And they'd cruelly enforce them if they only had the
might.

So I'm an ornery old cuss, is what the neighbors say,
And their hearts are filled with sorrow for my mistaken
way;
Their hearts are full of kindness, this they meekly tell,
Yet they wish that I would move away and find another
hell.

HEAVEN.

Heaven is a peculiar place,
If we believe the stories told;
The greatly desired, we much prefer,
To journey there when we are old.

In the brightest colors it is pictured to us,
And as filled with gems and gold;
Much as we long to grasp such wealth,
We postpone the desire till old.

The glory of that home above,
Below is loudly sung;
Our longing to get there we restrain,
As long as we are young.

Yes, heaven is a peculiar place,
Many roads lead thereto;
At every one a gatekeeper stands,
Saying, "Pay toll, or you don's go through."

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Without money or price is what we're taught,
That the home above is free;
How do you reconcile this with the fact
That the gatekeeper must have a fee.

QUESTIONS.

Oh, why are we here, with our brain locked tight,
With the future as black as the darkest night;
Will it ever be opened, and then will we know,
And everything be clear as the sun's bright glow?

How I long for the time when mystery will be past,
When the use of life and death will be known at last;
If the doctrines that are taught are really false or true,
And reward or punishment for both I and you.

Is it a sin to happy be, a crime this unbelief?
For happiness in future life, must this be filled with
grief?

This is a cruel story, that my brain can't help reject,
My nature strongly calls for love, and that's what I
expect.

The cruelest of living things, that over the earth doth go,
Has received the finest gifts that nature can bestow;
Of these gifts the human brain is the best of all,
Then why should the use of it be the cause of our
downfall?

The parents of all living things that inhabit this old earth,
For their young have unbounded love from the moment
of their birth;
Then why not teach a God of love instead of a God of ire?
Of our future fate we will have no fear, to enjoy it will
be our desire.

TO THE DEATH.

The battle of life is nearly done,
Its course is almost over;
The victory by might is won,
Close by grim death doth hover.

This life is but a brutal battle,
That all must enter in;
With humanity the same as cattle,
Then prate of original sin.

The higher the grade of animal life,
The battle becomes more bitter;
Justice and mercy give way to strife,
With death the earth they litter.

The weakling fights as well as the strong,
But a weaker one they will seek;
Being just as cruel, tho' knowing it wrong,
Then ape the lowly and meek.

"Tis thus we go, compelled to fight
Our existence to prolong;
Not a question of wrong or right,
To the death, is the old war song.

THE PRICE OF LIFE.

I sat one day in pensive mood,
On a river's wooded shore;
The sun shone bright, life seemed so good,
I could sit forever more.

And as I sat with scarce a thought,
The river reflecting the sky,
A passing bird my attention caught,
As it flew to a tree close by.

And there it sat with attention rare,
Watching fish in the water glide;
With a diving dash it cut the air,
A living fish it took from the tide.

As I saw this act I could not help grieve
That Nature had so designed,
To obtain our food so that we might live,
To death others are consigned.

That we may live many score must die
In this life from birth till death;
To prolong the life of you and I,
We kill whilst we draw breath.

NATURE'S GIFT.

When Nature at last its fiat evolved,
That matter with life combine,
It seems as tho' it also resolved
That in numerous shapes they entwine.

In some a brain it generously gave,
That in time began to think,
And of its ignorance began to rave,
As it painfully went over life's brink.

And others this quality very much lacked,
Yet they live and enjoy their life,
And never with sorrow and pain are they racked,
And never are subject to strife.

Yet man always claims that he dominate
All living things he knows;
That they suffer less, the why he can't state,
That man's all sorrows and woes.

Now I can't help think, was Nature unkind
When it gave to man his brain?
'Twould be much better were he deaf, dumb and blind,
If he never knew sorrow and pain.

When Nature to man gave his primal brain,
So different from all living thing,
It must have intended that he great knowledge gain,
As a tree adds its annual rings.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Tho' brainless, the tree to its substance will add
Every year of its thoughtless life,
Whether favorable conditions, or whether they're bad,
Quite apart from all worldly strife.

Then why not the man as well as the tree,
Add to that which Nature has given?
Therefore, keep persevering, in time you will see
The goal for which thou hast striven.

Do not idly sit in one spot like a tree,
For Nature designed you to travel;
To your knowledge keep adding wherever you be,
You'll eventually the mystery unravel.



THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

When primal man by Nature was taught
To devise some measure of defense,
And better methods that more game be caught,
'Twas the dawn of human sense.

Many ages passed, Nature continued to teach
New things to the primal brain,
And ages were needed that he might reach
The time to think again.

But very few thoughts had primal man
In the morning of his day,
For he slowly learned, as in fear he ran,
To obtain food in an easier way.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

A few ages more, as a thought or two
Were added to his awakening brain,
And as more were added, the faculty grew,
Now he longed more knowledge to gain.

As he learned to think, his unrest began,
He was consumed by a hunger and thirst;
Life's journey to know, its source, whence it ran,
He now wanted to know from the first.

Now man is a thinker, so he thinks out a scheme,
Of course he knows it is true,
All other men's thoughts are simply a dream,
For he thinks for himself and for you.

For Nature was kind, and enlightened his brain,
So that he all its beauties might see;
It never would do the same act again,
With his thoughts we all must agree.

Now this has been the curse of all time,
Since to think this animal has learned;
He has been very cruel, commits every crime,
For thinking he others has burned.

If life, liberty, and happiness to pursue,
Is the right of human kind;
Of happiness, I'm sure, there's enough for me and you,
If to think we'd never been inclined.

TRANSMIGRATION.

What is the change which we call death,
When life becomes extinct,
When animated matter draws its last breath,
As the present and future are linked?

Is it but a step on the ladder long,
That from past to future does reach?
Or is it a means of righting a wrong,
By this change kind nature does teach?

This awful change, that occurs to all
The living things on earth,
Is it a part that awaits the call
To fill the demands of a birth?

Where is the portion that we lose
When breath ceases to come and go;
To its mother element gone, or does it chose
Its next living home below?

If such be a fact, what an awful fate
For some bright minds of today;
By accidental demands of future birth rate,
Some beast they're allotted to sway.

LIFE'S FEARS.

From the earliest records that we have
 Of the dim and distant past,
To superstition man's been a slave,
 A slave he'll be to the last.

The brightest minds of the present day
 Still have these primal fears ;
Tho' the lives of countless men they sway,
 Their own life's full of tears.

In science and art their mind's all right,
 Also in question of state,
But whether the future will be dark or bright,
 How ignorant are they of their fate.

The mind of man is a part of the God
 That the Universe does sway ;
When our material form is under the sod,
 Our part joins the rest straightaway.

Then why should we fear the life after death,
 As from this our freedom we get ?
Our suffering ends as we draw the last breath,
 That we leave should cause no regret.

FREE THOUGHT.

As belief is not a virtue,
Nor unbelief a crime,
And numerous doctrines have been taught,
In every age and clime.

Don't condemn the one that fails
To believe the same as you,
The straightest course his bark he sails,
By the doctrine he thinks true.

Being just as honest in his belief
As you in yours can be,
Your doubts may cause him bitter grief,
With your eyes he cannot see.

The right that you so boldly claim
To think as you think best,
Be kind and justly accord the same
Freedom of thought to the rest.

To think for yourself is surely your right,
It is also another's right, too ;
Just think of a man wanting to fight,
For the right to think for you.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE.

As the living present, with the long dead past,
Is linked with tradition's lore,
So the present and future are blending fast,
Joining those that have gone before.

To many the past is a memory drear,
The present is filled with woe;
To the future they look in object fear,
Of troubles that quickly grow.

Yet to others the past is a memory bright,
The present is filled with joy,
The future as clear as glorious sunlight,
With pleasure they almost cloy.

Why cannot all with pleasure be filled,
Why not pleasure forever last?
Why can it not grow as a plant in soil tilled,
In the future, from present and past?

That this is outlined by the mind Eternal,
Is what a great many teach;
Knowing no more of this than of the infernal,
To know is beyond their reach.

CONTRADICTIONS.

Oh, ye holy men of leisure,
That teach of heaven and eternal life,
That we must not pile up treasure,
Nor waste time in useless strife.

The wealth of others we must not crave,
Tho' enough for our needs we have not;
For the widow her mite she freely gave,
Tho' poverty had long been her lot.

With our lot in life we must be content,
If we'd have our salvation sure,
For the pauper the veil asunder is rent,
'Tis such a blessing to be poor.

And then to the rich, what a different tale,
They must increase the talents given,
And so continue, by purchase and sale,
If they wish to be called into heaven.

For those that have, to them shall be given,
For it seems they're the chosen few;
Having treasure on earth, an eternity in heaven,
What a doctrine to teach I and you.

BIRTH, LIFE, DEATH.

What a wonderful thing it is to be born,
And then to maturity grow,
And also to learn, as we get old and worn,
The wonders of nature to know.

What a wonderful thing it is to live,
Tho' pain and pleasure are blended,
That we are privileged life to another give,
Before our own is ended.

What a wonderful thing it is to die,
What a strange, mysterious fate;
Our few moments here go quickly by,
Tho' our knowledge is really great.

Tho' some are privileged life to transmit,
A great many are this denied;
Those that possess it are often unfit
To stem so they drift with the tide.

Birth, life and death are wonders indeed,
Why and wherefore are yet unknown;
Claims are made by teachers of creed,
Yet ignorance seems to have grown.

THE MIND.

Matter inert, differing in grade,
In combination with life was made
To fit itself as one grand whole
By the addition of a living soul.

And so the order of life was changed,
No longer a beast this animal ranged,
A congenial soul it sought to find
As it mingled freely with its kind.

After numberless ages were left behind
Very gradually evolved the human mind,
That greedily hungered to really know
The how and why of its own ego.

And so it continues to the present age,
Whether he be fool or truly a sage,
In vain our longing the mind define
That links the human with the divine.

'Tis folly to contend that one lived in vain
That did for a time a mind contain ;
Tho' the body be above or below the sod,
The mind is a part of the living God.

What a wonderful thing is the human mind,
What wonders by its use we find ;
We number the stars, we measure the sun,
Also the earth and the course it must run.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

We harness the elements of power unknown,
Through the power of mind their use has grown;
The outer darkness is changed into day—
Mind will yet control the lightning's play.

We sail on the water, swiftly travel on land,
And flight in the air we soon will command;
We talk with our friends, whether far or near,
Untold distances their voices hear.

The voice of our friends, dead long ago,
In tone and accent we so well know,
And thus again we with them live;
Man's working mind did this pleasure give.

We cannot say what cannot be done,
By the mind of man all things are won;
Where man is, or has never trod,
Mind is there as part of God.



ETERNAL URGE.

As I watch the water's foamy surge
 As the sun sets in the west,
I feel the force of the eternal urge
 To learn, but not to rest.

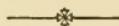
As I feel the winds that daily blow
 So gentle, and then so strong,
My mind is yearning more to know
 Why right must yield to wrong.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

And as I watch the various forms
Of life that I chance to meet,
So filled am I with mental storms,
Its solution I long to greet.

Upward and onward in the mental flight
Of mind, and master mind,
Doubt all things until proven right,
Which accept where'er you find.

What will not bear the weight of doubt,
That it really is good and true,
From our mind be better cast out;
To retain is but to rue.



COULD WE FOREKNOW.

Why be thankful for our lot in life?
Why be glad that it is no worse?
At the best it is naught but strife,
And the gift seems but a curse.

Our station in life is accidental,
Whether it be high or low;
Whatever it be, 'tis termed providential,
Tho' the bottom we are doomed to know.

And if by chance kind Nature's gift
Is a station of pleasing delight,
We find many sorrows in our journey swift
To the shades of eternal night.

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

It seems as tho' we are foredoomed
To gather bitter with the sweet,
As a beautiful flower that has unseen bloomed
In a long-forgotten retreat.

Could we foreknow our future fate,
Whether good, bad or worse;
How many there be, before too late,
Would decline to accept the curse.

WHY DO WE CLING?

Why do we cling so to our fleeting lives
That are filled with sorrow and pain?
Is it dislike of leaving husbands or wives
Or the fear we'll ne'er see them again?

Why do we cling so to life's last throb
When we know the end is near,
And the grave of its victim we cannot rob,
And the world seems dark and drear?

Why do we cling so to this world of strife
When all is darkness and gloom,
And we feel so weary of the journey of life
That ends in eternal doom?

Why do we cling so to those that are near,
That seem like a part of our heart?
Tho' greatly we love them, we are filled with fear
In the eternal forever we'll part.

THE RHYMES OF DAVID

Why do we cling so? Can anyone tell?
By this journey we are old and worn;
Hopeless of a heaven, fearless of a hell,
From this life we dread to be torn.



LIFE'S BATTLE.

Life's battle has now a burden become,
And we long for the nearing end;
Tho' early in the fray, great many succumb,
Yet others to battle they send.

'Tis a wearisome fight for every one,
Regardless of their station in life;
For this battle they fight is never won—
How useless seems all this strife.

Hopeless of victory, we go bravely forth,
Try in vain our courage to keep,
Through heat of South or cold of North,
Till at last in the grave we sleep.

If we only knew what we all fight for,
What's the object of life's bitter strife,
The knowledge we have needs a great deal more
To prove the eternity of life.

Those that teach, or to teach do try,
Know just as little as we;
They fight to live, defeated they die,
So ignorant and helpless they be.

LIFE'S BATTLE—(Second Part).

As we enter this battle, by the first breath we greet
This useless struggle that ends in defeat;
This battle of life, whose victor is death,
Tho' we do not surrender till we draw the last breath.

This unending battle, whose captains are greed
And the privates are poverty eternally in need;
Yet the general commanding could soon end the fray,
As he ends the darkness, by making the day.

It seems so cruel to stand off afar,
And watch this awful relentless war;
This battle of life, mostly sorrow and pain,
And not even treasure, does the victor gain.

Forced thus to battle, with a terrible foe,
Whose cause or object, none ever will know,
Compelled to yield, oh, it seems unjust;
Then why be punished for withholding our trust.

Or belief in the good of the power that be,
That our sorrow and suffering thus calmly can see;
Yet assert that this power is loving and kind,
Who believes in this doctrine must be mentally blind.

WHY—

What is the ultimate end that is sought?

For what has all nature striven?

Why has everything thru' a lifetime fought,
To the limit their endurance driven?

Why strive for what at the best we hold

But a short time after obtained?

Why waste our courage, why be so bold;
After it all, what have we gained?

Why do we greet the lives we meet

With the feeling of love or hate?

Why are some glad when others are sad;
Why do we with opposites mate?

Why do we roam from place to place?

Why are we never content?

Why do we long for the end of the race?
Why into this world were we sent?

Can anyone tell, will it ever be known

Why pain by all must be born,

And from those for whom our affection has grown,
At the last we are cruelly torn?

THE SUBCONSCIOUS.

There is so much said and written about what we do not know,

Yet I fear to say 'tis false or true, as with doubt my brain does glow.

How they obtain the knowledge is a mystery to me,
For eyes so bright that pierce the night cannot tomorrow see.

Have we an inner self? Are we more than one?

Have we lived this twinship life since the world begun?

Does the inner hold the record of everything we do?

Does it enjoy our sweet success? Does it our failures rue?

Does it hold the knowledge that we seem to lack,

Also share the burden we bear upon our back;

And have its share of trouble, sorrow and pain,

And if we know 'tis really so, what comfort do we gain?

Does it select the mate for us to go with us thru' life,
And suffer its share of agony, caused by domestic strife;

And have its part in parental art, that comes with every child,

Helping each the children teach that makes them tame or wild?

And when my life has ended, my breathing stops at last,

Does into another go as the breath from me has pass'd?

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Is it a separate consciousness when I in the grave do lie,
If this is so, I'd like to know what in this world am I?



THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND.

Are we really more than one in our power of mind,
Do we much assistance in the sub-conscious find?
Are we the mental master or the mental slave,
Of the dual personality that Nature to us gave?

Is it a material form in which our mind does store
The knowledge that it tries to hold in memory ever-more;
And when we really need this stored-up knowledge
use,
Will it tell us what we want to know, or will it us
refuse?

When we begin an evil deed will it make us pause,
Or hurry us the deed to do as tho' it were the cause,
When for this deed in course of time due punishment
we get,
Is it the sub-conscious mind that feels our deep regret?

Is it the cause of our mistakes that we deeply rue,
Or the part that makes us honest, just and true?
When we forsake or finish what we have begun,
Which should praise or censure get, the inner or
outer one?

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

Are these questions worrying to my sub-conscious
mind, ..
Or does it consolation in these questions find?
That Nature should have made us all internal twins,
To be eternally punished, is the worst of Nature's sins.

ETERNAL LAW.

I have been sailing on a beautiful river,
And feelings came o'er me quite strange,
For I wondered why the All-wise Giver
Did the water and land so arrange.

With a lack of system, of marsh and hill,
And the shore all curves and crooks;
Yet sensations of pleasure my heart did thrill,
With the many nice shady nooks.

It all seemed arranged without system or law,
With the water so shallow and deep;
Yet, as we sailed o'er it, a feeling of awe
O'er my brain did forcefully creep.

Why all this water? Why all this land?
Why all this teeming life?
Why all this scene that is so grand,
With all its inevitable strife?

Why the sensations of wonder and awe,
Also of pleasure and fear?
Are they but parts of an eternal law
That causes all that is here?

THE ONES TO FORGIVE.

Somehow, I cannot feel the dread
That others seem to hold
Of a punishment we get when dead,
Of which I've oft' been told.

That for the deeds of this short life
We'll be punished forevermore;
To suffer pangs of bitter strife
By the God whom all adore.

But if at the moment of our death
We believe that another bore,
With pain and anguish at his last breath,
What was marked against our score;

That we would freely be forgiven
For our every evil act,
Given a home in Eternal Heaven,
This is taught as tho' a fact.

If I have injured anyone
That on this earth doth live,
To them should I kneel for the injury done,
They are the ones to forgive.

OUR HERITAGE.

In the distant past, when all was gloom,
And naught but eternal night,
No animal life, no flowers to bloom,
No sun to shine out bright;

What a change there was at the command
Of the Power Supreme, to be light;
In a trice there shone on every hand
The rays of the sun so bright.

The joy there was we cannot conceive
When the first human pair was born,
The one, strong Adam, the other, fair Eve,
As each did the other adorn.

But oh, the grief when from virtue they fell,
As the tree of knowledge they knew,
Thus forming a pathway to eternal hell,
What a heritage for me and for you.

Oh, Thou Power Supreme, Thou God above,
Thy vengeance we pray Thee recall,
Grant to humanity thy redeeming love,
With forgiveness for each and all.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Let there be light, was God's great command,
That is handed down from the past,
Bringing the beautiful sunlight on every hand,
And thru' all eternity to last.

Let there be light. In an instant it came,
Sending to every point its rays,
Lighting the world as with a flame,
With its succession of nights and days.

Let there be light. What a glorious change,
As the sun lit up the world,
And its beautiful colors did everywhere range,
As its rays it quickly unfurled.

Let there be light, and the darkness of night
Surrender'd at once to day,
Every living thing rejoiced at the sight
Of the brilliant sun's display.

Let there be light. How grateful we are
To God for His gift so grand,
That lights the pathway, that leads us far
Into the depths of a future land.

T H E R H Y M E S O F D A V I D

HELL.

I dream'd that I fell to the depths of hell,
In the midst of the burning lake;
And I saw such a sight that fill'd me with fright,
As they prayed I their thirst might slake.

I saw the flames enfold the young and old,
I could hear each piercing scream;
With tearless eye did they bitterly cry,
Oh, what a horrible dream!

There were maidens fair with flaming hair,
Men, helpless, were standing by;
They prayed in vain relief to gain,
Tho' the Lord was very nigh.

And children small in the lake did fall,
Oh, what a pitiful sight!
None to save from the boiling wave,
Little children in pain and fright.

Oh, Thou Power Supreme, what I saw in my dream
Makes me wish I ne'er had been born;
Had I but the power within this hour,
Into ruins your hell would be torn.

WHEN SHALL IT BE?

Shall we ever know why we are here,
And to our hearts our friends become dear,
And their smiling faces we love to see,
When shall it be, when shall it be?

Shall we ever know why some can't help love
One with qualities more hawk than dove,
Having faults and failings they cannot see,
When shall it be, when shall it be?

Shall we ever know why the feeling of hate
Drives out the love some have for their mate,
And long from each other again to be free,
When shall it be, when shall it be?

Shall we ever know why at death's door
There's a longing to see one so hated before,
With whom in health they could never agree,
When shall it be, when shall it be?

Shall we ever know when tired of life,
With its endless change of love, sorrow and strife,
Yet a glimpse of the future we dread to see,
When shall it be, when shall it be?

SUBMISSION IS WRONG.

Oh why should man so earnestly strive
To get and retain the world's wealth,
His brother enslave and cruelly drive,
'Till he robs him of even his health?

And others again so earnestly preach
That the poor with their lot be content,
To obtain a reward in the future they teach,
Cruel deeds we must not resent.

Does not everything to which nature gave life,
Whether human, animal or plant,
Continually struggle in this world of strife,
Only ending with the death chant?

Then teach resistance to unholy greed,
Let the consequence be what it may,
To defend the weak, oh, haste with all speed,
Combine for defence alway.

To the swift the race is not always given,
Nor victory always won by the strong;
The one that failed may have woefully striven,
To teach submission is wrong.

THE MESSAGE.

I thought I saw, up in the sky,
A cloud quite oddly shaped;
It seem'd just like a massive eye,
With lashes veil'd and draped.

And as I look'd at it intent
On learning if 'twas real,
A glance of love it to me sent
That I seem'd to grasp and feel.

This eye of love upon me beam'd,
With joy and kindness fill'd,
Peace to thee, thou art redeem'd,
A voice of music thrill'd.

This eye of love, so gloriously bright,
Look'd out upon the world,
Then slowly clos'd, at once 'twas night,
Reason from its throne was hurl'd.

I cannot doubt that in the sky
I really saw the God-like eye,
Its message close lies to my heart,
And will until this life depart.

THE EVIDENCE.

As I see the sun shine bright and clear,
And each day come and go,
I'm fill'd with hope, I've lost all fear,
O God, I would Thee know.

As I watch the moon in gradual change,
Of wax and wane at night,
All thru' my brain the thought doth range,
To know God is my right.

As I watch the waters of the sea,
With rise and falling swell,
I feel quite sure there cannot be
A God, and also hell.

And as the wind sweeps o'er my brow
As soft as an angel's breath,
My mind grows clear, I feel somehow,
I'll know God after death.

My heart beats fast, my brain does throb,
My blood rushes thru' my veins,
From me the evidence none can rob,
God's reflection is in my brains.

COMPELL'D TO BE.

Hark, I hear a wailing cry,
A child has just been born,
One parent it has caused to die,
The other with grief is torn.

Upon the world this child is cast,
Whether it will or not;
Its first day here is its mother's last,
A bitter future its lot.

Foredoomed to suffer from its birth,
A lifetime of sorrows and pains;
Its advent here seems of little worth,
For the time that it here remains.

Compelled to be without a choice
Of condition, time or place,
Of color or sex, to have no voice,
It is blindly cast in the race.

It lives its life to the bitter end,
Through its season of love and strife;
With aching heart does it wearily wend,
To the end its journey of life.

NATURE'S GIFTS.

When matter and life was by Nature combined,
Forming various shapes and sizes,
Numerous qualities it also outlined,
A few of which are prizes.

One of these qualities is known as hate,
By the possessor 'tis often nursed;
Those having this quality are tempted by fate,
Their lot in life is accursed.

Another quality is known as love,
How happy the possessor of this;
They truly are a part of the power above,
Their lot a lifetime of bliss.

Another quality to be forgiving and kind,
Is apportioned to a favored few,
No better mortal will we ever find—
How I wish the possessor were you.

Another quality, the power to think
And puzzling problems solve,
At the fountain of knowledge they freely drink,
And they various theories evolve.

Of the various qualities by Nature given
To us, whether desired or not,
We cannot evade, tho' hard we have striven,
Yet censure is a part of our lot.

Unasked they are given, some good, also bad,
The division seems not very fair;
Some get all of the best to be had,
Of the bad others get double share.

If I were given the chance to select
The qualities I think best,
Love and kindness I would quickly elect,
And gladly avoid all the rest.



HYPOCRISY.

If we listen to man speak of God,
Of his great power and love,
How swift he is to apply the rod,
How glorious the home above.

Of our every act that he takes note,
The rewards and punishments, too,
It sounds as tho' it were learned by note,
That he really believed it true.

But later on we observe that man,
How he treats his sisters and brothers,
His line of action is different than
The one he preached to others.

So man continues to do as he wills,
Even steal to pile up pelf,
Meek and lowly he kneels, as with prayer he thrills,
Then graciously forgives "himself."

Is it any wonder we are filled with doubt
Of the truth of the doctrines taught?
By the awakening brain they're put to rout,
By fables we're no longer caught.

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